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## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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## THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

MR. URQUHART has recently announced, in an epistle to the sectaries of his creed, that the only desirable Indian reform is the abolition of the Board of Control and the restoration of the East India Company to the authority which it enjoyed before Mr. PITT's India Bill. The project is about as practicable as most of Mr. URQUHART's notions, but it shows that "other side" of a question which a man, determined not to follow the hail of a popular clamour, is sure to discover in the long run. The Board of Control is, however, the expedient by which the despotic government of India is prevented from departing too widely from the path pursued by the free government of England; and, enormous as is the difficulty of harmonizing the wayward liberty of Englishmen with the necessary subjection of those who have been bondsmen from time immemorial, it must be faced under penalty of national dishonour, and perhaps of national decay. Up to the present moment, we have solved the question with partial, though not striking success; but *a priori* it is one of the most terrible to which a free country can address itself. It cannot be an accident that all the great examples of political freedom have been extinguished by the instrumentality of despotically governed dependencies. The liberty of Athens received its fatal hurt through the discontent of the subject islands. The Roman Republic was destroyed by the system which it applied to the government of its provinces. The conquerors who crushed Italian freedom were invited by the confusion entailed by the tyranny of State over State; and the one temporary collapse which Swiss liberty has undergone occurred through the road opened to NAPOLEON's interference by the rebellion of the subject *baillages* against the tyranny of the governing Cantons.

The principle on which the control of the Commissioners for India is founded cannot be given up, and must probably be extended. But, unless statesmen resolutely close their ears to mere ignorant abuse, and open their eyes to palpable facts, the most fatal mistakes will certainly be committed. Mr. MILNES glanced the other day at a truth which will have to be considered a point of departure in the re-organization of India, when he asked his Pontefract constituents whether they would not have felt vastly more comfortable about the safety of the Empire if Sir JOHN or Sir HENRY LAWRENCE—brought exclusively into prominence by the Company's system—had been at the head of affairs rather than Lord CANNING or even Lord DALHOUSIE, who owe their position to the machinery of Parliamentary Government in England. But more than this will have to be recognised. No person possessing competent knowledge will deny that, for every doubtful act of recent Anglo-Indian policy, the Crown authorities, as distinguished from the Company, are responsible—that is, in every one of such cases, the Board of Control has acted either against the opinion of the consultative council in Leadenhall-street, or else with that reluctant assent which a Minister, possessed of absolute authority in the last resort, is generally able to extort. If recent events do therefore really prove that the existing system of Indian Government is a radically bad one, assuredly the proper course to be followed is rather Mr. URQUHART's than that suggested by those political shipwrights who manufacture great chimeras

of constitutions which the mob [goes] at, but which unfortunately stick on the stocks where they were built. We cannot, however, admit that the present distribution of power over India is too faulty to serve as the starting-point for further improvements. It will have to be amended; but it will be the basis of all amendments. And, of all amendments, the most important will be fair treatment of it on the part of English Cabinets. We are inclined to believe that half the assumed misarrangement of a very remarkable set of institutions is owing to the default of the Crown in elevating inferior men to situations where the highest talent would not be misplaced. Just glance at the list of Presidents of the Board of Control since the epoch of Parliamentary Reform with which modern political history begins. They are Sir J. C. HOBHOUSE, Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Lord RIPON, Mr. HERRIES, Sir C. WOOD, and Mr. VERNON SMITH. With the exception of Sir C. WOOD—who, under the peculiar circumstances of the Coalition Cabinet, probably obtained a lower office than he would ordinarily have occupied—and of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, who stayed a very short time in Cannon-row, these Ministers for India have been either weak men naturally, or strong men worn out.

It is not difficult to conjecture the result. The President of the Board of Control, satisfied that the India House knew a great deal better what to do than he knew himself, has generally, through nine-tenths of his incumbency, done nothing whatever. Every now and then he has perhaps taken a fauzy to interfere; and as a weak man is ordinarily vain, he has been obstinate where he was wrong. We find, in an able pamphlet called *India; the Revolt and the Home Government*, a pretty strong hint given that one of the few displays of energy which can be laid at Mr. VERNON SMITH's door before the mutiny, was on occasion of a request from the East India Company to be allowed to increase largely the force of Europeans in its service. We trust that one of the first questions addressed in Parliament to the President of the Board of Control will be, whether this solicitation was made, whether it was refused, and whether the new European regiments were not intended by the Court of Directors to form a garrison at Delhi. But the worst result of the inadequate calibre of Indian Ministers, and of the subaltern part supposed to be assigned to them, has been their natural deference to more influential members of the Cabinet. Having no opinions about India themselves, they have uniformly given way to a stronger will and a more obstinate determination than their own. Lord PALMERSTON admittedly persuaded Sir J. C. HOBHOUSE into the Afghan war, and Mr. VERNON SMITH into the war with Persia; and Sir J. C. HOBHOUSE and Mr. VERNON SMITH admittedly engaged in both these wars under protest from the Court of Directors. Now, M. VOX ORLICH, the only one of our foreign critics who knows anything personally about India and the Indian army, has emphatically attributed the Sepoy revolt to the Afghan disasters—the first exhibition of British weakness in the face of all India. The influence of the Persian war on the mutiny will be better understood before long. Few are ignorant, in spite of feeble or impudent denials from the Ministerial press, that the Persian and Chinese wars had the effect of removing European regiments from exactly those stations where their presence would have been salvation. It is less known, however, that the Persian war, though a success, was universally believed in Upper India to have been an utter failure. The common topic of conversation among the natives at the beginning of 1857 was the series of victories lately won over the English by the invincible Shah of PERSIA.

Not long ago Mr. GLADSTONE complained that an impenetrable screen had been interposed between the affairs of India and public opinion in England. There has never, however, been any lack of the means of acquiring informa-

tion about India. The machinery of the Indian Government has always been entirely regulated by Acts of Parliament. All the detail of its administrative system is described in several accessible books; and the workings of its policy have been as much carried on in the face of day as those of any other department, and infinitely more so than those of some departments—of the Foreign Office, for example. What Mr. GLADSTONE doubtless meant was that it was impossible to apportion the responsibility of particular acts between the Directors and the Board of Control. This, however, is a point with which the public has, properly speaking, no more to do than with the proportions in which the authorship of a particular measure is imputable to the Secretary of State who proposed it, and to the subordinates in his office. The President of the Board of Control is solely responsible, and has the correlative of responsibility, unfettered executive power. But then the truth is, the Presidents of the Board of Control have never been *pris au sérieux*. The prestige inherited by the Directors from that East India Company of former days, which acquired India for England, and the personal knowledge of Indian affairs of which they were supposed to have a monopoly, attracted to them the attention which ought to have been confined to the third-rate statesman in Cannon-row; and the official obscurity in which the present system intended them to remain has been dispelled by the personal obscurity of the Ministers whom they aided with their counsel. Had Lord ELLENBOROUGH remained at the Board of Control, we might have known what the existing arrangements were good for. As it is, we cannot be said to know this, because, except in Lord ELLENBOROUGH'S case, the existing arrangements have been dealt with in bad faith ever since the Reform Bill.

#### ENGLISH ASSERTIONS AND INDIAN FACTS.

WE have been lately lectured with much emphasis on the undue fear of responsibility which, it is alleged, characterizes Englishmen in general. There is a sort of responsibility, however, in respect of which a certain class at least of our countrymen do not seem to be infected even with the small amount of timidity which is necessary to constitute ordinary caution. We mean the responsibility of making grave statements on public affairs without authentic information, or even that common attention to the laws of probability which may be expected of persons who hazard strong opinions at a time of public disaster. Instead of becoming more sober and careful in the presence of danger, there are men who lose their heads and rush frantically about, bellowing in an inarticulate manner like cattle at the approach of a thunder-storm.

Ever since Sir COLIN CAMPBELL landed in India we have heard from many platforms, and read in all manner of newspapers, that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF at Calcutta were not on speaking terms—that Sir PATRICK GRANT had retired in despair from his struggle with the civil authorities, who thwarted and coerced him—and that Sir COLIN CAMPBELL had refused to take his seat at the Council, because he was resolved not to submit to the same influences. Now, this was no light report. If true, it disclosed a state of things most injurious to our interests in India, and most discreditable to the parties to whose folly or misconduct such a rupture was due. But, if false, what shall we think of the sources from which such a fabrication originated? What opinion shall we form of the credulity and prejudice of those by whom a rumour so improbable was greedily devoured and eagerly spread abroad? That it is false we have the word of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL himself, vouched by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord GRANVILLE. Now we just ask our readers, when they seek to estimate the value of the rumours and theories which they daily hear on all sides, to bear in mind this one fact—that for some six weeks it has been broadly affirmed and very generally believed in England that Sir COLIN CAMPBELL and Lord CANNING had quarrelled, yet that there is not a word of truth in it. We do not stop to examine the origin of the fiction, though we probably should not have to seek much further than the mint in which Calcutta petitions are manufactured. We only call attention to the instructive lesson as to the facility with which a falsehood is coined and circulated. If it does not make men more cautious for the future, it must be because they are either very stupid or very dishonest.

We have given one example—it may be well to take one more. The Sir CHARLES NAPIER of India, who has been much believed in by some people as a prophet, has not come out very happily from the crucible of criticism to which his supposed predictions have been submitted. The other Sir CHARLES NAPIER—we mean the NAPIER of Southwark—has also thought fit to come forth with a discourse to his constituents on Indian affairs. We will quote a few sentences from this speech, just to show the sort of thing which a member of Parliament, and an Admiral in Her MAJESTY'S service, can address to an audience of English electors without detection and without contradiction. "The question remained," said Sir CHARLES, "had we done all that we could to suppress this mutiny?" Certainly a most important question, and one on which it was most fitting that an Admiral and a member of Parliament should inform himself and his constituents. Let us see how Sir CHARLES proceeds:—"The news of it first reached this country in the latter end of May; and he (Sir CHARLES NAPIER) then urged the Government not to lose one single moment in sending an adequate force out to India. The time when the first troops sailed from this country was in the beginning of July. There was thus a loss of time of five or six weeks; and he verily believed that if those troops could have been sent off immediately after the news of the rebellion reached this country, it was possible the massacre of Cawnpore might have been prevented." This is a fair sample of the sort of caution and information with which people are in the habit of talking and writing for the public edification on Indian affairs. It is worth while just to analyse it. Sir CHARLES tells his audience—who, no doubt, easily swallowed the assertion—that the Government had lost five or six weeks in sending out troops to India, and that, but for that delay, the massacre of Cawnpore might have been prevented. This is certainly no trivial statement to those whose hearts still ache with the memory of that horrid catastrophe. Let us see, then, what are the facts on which it is founded. In the first place, the orator says that the news of the rebellion reached this country in "the latter end of May." Yet this assertion, on which his whole conclusion rests, happens to be wholly untrue. The news of the rebellion reached England in the "latter end," not of May, but of June. The mutiny at Meerut took place on May 10th, and the telegraphic despatch appeared in the *Times* of June 27th. But suppose Sir CHARLES had been correct in his date, instead of being wrong by a whole month—suppose that the news of an event which happened on May 10th had reached England by the end of the same month—let us see what foundation there is for the assertion that the massacre of Cawnpore might have been prevented. The garrison of Cawnpore capitulated on June 27th. On that day they fell alive into the hands of NANA SAHIB, and were beyond the reach of English succour. Even assuming, then, that the news of the mutiny at Meerut had reached England in "the latter end of May," we should like to know by what process of transport troops despatched on the instant could have reached Cawnpore before June 27th. The real fact is, that the capture of the garrison of Cawnpore took place on the very day on which the tidings of the mutiny at Meerut first reached London; and yet we have a man in Sir CHARLES NAPIER'S position standing up and telling his constituents that, if the Government had sent off troops as soon as they received the news of the revolt, the massacre of Cawnpore might have been prevented. In order to complete the catalogue of misstatements, we may add that the warning which Sir CHARLES NAPIER takes credit to himself for having given to the Government "in the end of May," was in fact uttered in Parliament on July 10th—exactly a fortnight after the capitulation of the garrison of Cawnpore.

Such a system of perverting public opinion is disgraceful. Misstatements of this kind are not a bit the more excusable because they are not wilfully false. A man who has a grave charge to bring against the Government in a time of public danger and difficulty has no right to be careless. By wantonly spreading damaging and discreditable reports, he does all that lies in his power to weaken the hands of the executive authorities, which any patriotic Englishman ought to desire, at such a moment, to strengthen and sustain. The right to criticise and condemn the conduct of the Government is one of the most precious privileges of the citizens of a free country, but it is one that must be exercised subject to that responsibility which is the correlative of all power. The liberty of the press and of the platform seems to be understood by certain persons as a license to write or speak

what they please, whether it be true or false. In this respect, things do not seem to have much changed since Henry V. said:—

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and  
Our sins lay on the king. We must bear all.  
Oh, hard condition, twin-born with greatness,  
Subject to the breath of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.

#### MIND AND BODY.

OUR remarks upon this subject last week had reference chiefly to the case of reading men at the Universities. We are glad that so distinguished an educator as Dr. KENNEDY has said a word to allay any undue apprehension that may have been excited as to the neglect of physical development at schools. One would suppose people had never seen the playing-fields of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby alive with cricket or football, or the Thames at Windsor on a summer's evening. Those who think that boys at an English public school do not feel respect for distinction in games as well as distinction in Greek and Latin, or that the masters of English public schools do not encourage this feeling, must be ignorant of English schoolboy life. Go to a cricket match at any of the public schools, and look round the ground. You will soon see whether the masters stand aloof from the amusements of the boys—whether to them the physical excellence of their pupils is a matter of indifference or aversion—and whether they grudge every moment which is given to the invigoration of the body and taken from the overstraining of the mind. Some boys there are—as there are some men—who, in spite of all encouragement, and even goading, will not take much part in the sports of their fellows. Sometimes this arises from extreme physical weakness, which may be outgrown in time, but which cannot be cured by force. Sometimes it arises from temperament. Generally it is an unhappy temperament, but occasionally—as in the instance cited by Mr. GLADSTONE and now before our eyes—it is that temperament of deep thoughtfulness which seems the one indispensable condition of all kinds of greatness. Saving these exceptions—which no system will reduce to uniformity, any more than it will make the colour of all boys' hair the same—we should say the education of English boys at good schools always includes a fair amount of bodily exercise, and that the masters desire and take care that it should do so. Indeed, if we had to name that which in modern times most corresponds to the ancient Greek system of bodily and mental training, we should name the classics and cricket of an English public school.

But the fact is, a return to the Greek system of bodily training is not possible for society at the present day. If you wish to restore that system, you must give us back the childhood of the human race. You must teach us again, like the Greek, to regard soul and body as of equal value, and to limit our aspirations to a full development of the natural man on this side of the grave. It is not only that we have no slaves, as the Greeks had, to do our business while we perfect our physical strength and beauty by running, boxing, and wrestling in the parks. Immortality has been made to us, as the *Times* would say, a great fact, and life has consequently become a much more serious affair. We know that one part of us will live for ever, and that the other will feed worms; and this distinction leads to consequences at once of the most momentous and of the most practical kind. We do a certain Greek word the honour to translate it *soul*; but it is in fact equally applicable to the vegetative life of a cabbage, to the animal life of a sheep, and to the spiritual life of an apostle. An ordinary Greek thought his body just as much of the essence of his humanity as his spirit, and bodily just as important as spiritual perfection. If St. Paul's thorn in the flesh was a visible deformity, a Greek educator would have thought it better for him to be put to death as soon as he was born, than to live a burden and a disgrace to his community and to himself. PLATO himself would have regarded it as an abuse of the art of medicine to cherish the flickering flame of life in a PASCAL or a WILLIAM III. EPICTETUS summed up all that was most startling and paradoxical to a Pagan ear when he said, in his own lines on himself—"I was a slave, a cripple, a beggar—and a favourite of the gods." A cloud—though a cloud with "a silver lining"—has come over human life, which will not allow us to enjoy the careless and sensuous happiness of the early

world. Beautiful as the infancy of humanity may have been, we cannot be always playing at hobbyhorse because infancy is beautiful.

The ascendancy of mind over physical strength is civilization. Everybody knows that THESITES would now bring down ACHILLES half a mile off with an Enfield rifle. We need not quote MACAULAY'S remarks—as brilliant as his remarks usually are, and more true—about "the hunchback dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England" at the battle of Landen. Read the chivalrous and romantic FROISSART'S account of the deliverance of France from the English invaders—you will see nothing but the hand of BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN. Read the true history of the time, and you will see that the real spring of all was the head of that feeble invalid who conquered the two EDWARDS, to their great amazement, without ever mounting a horse or drawing a sword. It was the dawn, yet unperceived by the Troubadour, of the triumph of intellect over men-at-arms. And power having passed from the body to the mind, ambition itself (to say nothing of higher motives) will mainly cultivate that which is now the real source of power. The development of physical strength will be comparatively neglected, and the body, in this sense, will be sacrificed to the mind. Our material part still asserts its claims, as all who have tried to work with the brain under great physical suffering or debility must know too well; but they are the claims of a servant, not of an equal. Nay, even those gifts of mind which are most akin to and most dependent on bodily health, have a tendency to fall under the dominion of others which are of a more eccentric, and, as a man of business might think, of a morbid kind. You naturally picture to yourself the ideal of humanity—the great man—as a noble bodily presence, full of health and vigour, with a mind as healthy and vigorous as its abode, with all the faculties and acquirements equally balanced, and the soundest judgment sitting supreme over the whole. Look at the records of history and see how far this ideal is fulfilled by the men who have really moved the world. Consider the strange and unsightly caskets in which the rarest and most potent essences of nature have been enclosed. "Is this humanity," the practical writer in the *Times* would say of SOCRATES in his day-long trance of thought, or the macerated and visionary LUTHER in his Augustinian cell. No, strictly speaking, it is not humanity. It is the upward aspiration of a being of whom mere humanity is the lower and grosser part. It is, in one sense, a sort of disease. But to cure that disease would be to reduce mankind to a mass of money-getting clay.

We should be very sorry if anything we have said could lead any student, or any other man, to feel less strongly the clear duty, in all ordinary cases, of preserving his bodily health as the first condition of his usefulness and happiness in the world. We say "in all ordinary cases," because, of course, cases do occur in which bodily health and bodily life itself may be risked for some great end. We should be equally sorry if we had deadeued any schoolmaster's sense of the fact that the bodily health of his pupils is as much a part of his solemn trust as their mental improvement and instruction, and that it would be a gross breach of that trust in him to sacrifice their health to any ambitious acquirements and achievements for the increase of his own reputation, or for the fancied honour of the school. We believe, however, that no respectable schoolmaster is insensible of this obligation. The physical, as well as the mental part of our educational system, is no doubt susceptible of improvement; and, as many active minds are earnestly directed to the subject, we shall probably before long see improvements made. Nothing would be gained, and a great deal would be lost, by substituting daily doses of dull callisthenics for the manly games which refresh the mind as well as the body, and which not only develop the muscles and expand the chest, but quicken the eye, sharpen the wits, brace the nerves, and bring the temper under control. We venture to suggest that something might be gained by impressing on boys, as an ordinary part of their education, a few leading facts and rules respecting the management of their own constitution, and possibly also by allowing them periodical access to the advice of a friendly medical superintendent, who might guide them a little in questions of diet and exercise—matters which it is extremely difficult for the schoolmaster himself, under anything like a free system, adequately to control. Our object at present, however, is not to discuss the wide subject of physical education.

—it is simply to allay a groundless panic, and to show that an ideal which has been set before us, as the end of education and self-culture, is not, and cannot be, the present ideal of the world.

#### THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE same words have very different meanings in different countries. When France borrowed from us the essentially English monosyllable "club," she gave it a meaning which would have equally astonished the clubbable set who gathered about Dr. JOHNSON and the more diffuse Societies which in our days have appropriated the familiar old term. There is scarcely less difference between what a French Finance Minister calls his budget, and that which passes under the same name among us. When Mr. GLADSTONE or Sir G. C. LEWIS gets up to lay before the House of Commons a narrative of the public finances for the past year, and a scheme for providing the estimated requirements of the next twelve months, it is a *sine quâ non* that the statement should give the clearest possible *resumé* of what has actually occurred, and the most rigorous calculations of the resources by which future expenditure is to be covered. Often it has fallen to the lot of a CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to relieve the dry details of his figures by glowing pictures of the commercial progress of the nation, and cautious suggestions of a possible increase of revenue on which he does not venture to reckon as an item in his calculations. But if an English Minister indulges in such reflections, it is only as an incidental ornament to his speech; and the most seductive picture of national prosperity would be thought a poor substitute for the definite and precise balancing of income and expenditure which we look for in the annual budget.

They do things, if not better, at any rate, very differently, in France. The budget of a French Minister only casually condescends upon arithmetical specialities, and its staple is made up of glorifications of France past, present, and future, mingled with especial laudations of the financial policy adopted by the head of the State for the time being, whether he may happen to be a King, a President, or an Emperor. It is, in fact, not so much a budget as a glowing eulogy of any possible budget which it may afterwards be found convenient to produce. It is so little precise as to leave it open to the Government to adopt any scale of expenditure, and to reckon on any amount of income, which it may choose; and, at the same time, it plays so skilfully with a few figures as to give, at first sight, the impression that it is really a financial document, and not a mere display to gratify the vanity and stimulate the loyalty of the patient millions of France. Judging M. MAGNE's recent production, as it is only fair to do, by French rather than English ideas, we feel bound to pronounce it a most successful Budget. Everything is *couleur de rose*, and although it is admitted that the loans to the amount of 60,000,000*l.* contracted during the last few years have not sufficed always to preserve the equilibrium of the finances, it is proved, in the most satisfactory manner, that if the Imperial Government had borrowed still more largely, such a thing as a deficit would never have been heard of; and the obvious inference is drawn, that the Imperial period has been wholly free from the financial errors of preceding Governments. The enormous amount lavished upon public works is delicately referred to as a useful investment of money, an increase to the riches of the country, and a loan made by the present for the advantage of the future. The recent treaty with the Bank of France, by which that establishment has been empowered to double its capital by the issue of new shares the produce of which is to be divided between the Government and the Bank, is just alluded to as a measure by which the floating debt will be reduced within satisfactory limits—the true nature of the transaction as a disguised loan being judiciously kept in the background.

Every topic is handled in the same spirit, and it is therefore not at all surprising that the progress of commerce should be indicated by a comparison of the aggregate exports and imports of 1847 with those of the present year. The increase, as stated by M. MAGNE, is from 1664 millions of francs in the former year, to 3881 at the present time. These are the only figures given, and the truthfulness of the impression intended to be conveyed may be guessed from the fact, that long before 1847 the average annual amount of the exports and imports during a period of several years had risen as high as 2170 millions. The Bank of France comes in for its share of M. MAGNE's universal felici-

tations—though there is perhaps a touch of irony in the remark that it has surmounted difficulties far more grave than those which now surround it, "by confining itself to a prudent line of conduct avowed by the law and by reason, and without having recourse to any empirical means which ill-understood interests might counsel, but which are condemned by the experience of all times and all countries, and which would be rejected by the Bank of France with no less energy than by the Government." The last part of the sentence is undoubtedly true, for the constitution of the Bank is such as to place its actual administration in the hands of a Government nominee, who is not likely to display less energy, whether in a wise or an unwise course, than the superior powers direct him to employ.

So promising is the future to which M. MAGNE looks forward, that he ventures to propose, in his Budget for 1859, to set apart a sum of about 1,600,000*l.*, as a commencement for a new sinking fund. The application of this sum may, perhaps, be thought problematical; for the French Minister is sound enough in his general principles to recognise the fact—which it took England about a century to learn—that a sinking fund ought to result from a positive surplus of receipts; for, otherwise, it must lead first to a deficient Budget, then to an increase of the floating debt, and ultimately to a consolidation into Rente—or, in other words, to a disturbance of public credit and a loss to the Treasury. There is not a possible source from which honey may be extracted which M. MAGNE has not ransacked to sweeten the prosperity report which he has the satisfaction to lay before the Imperial footstool. The future absorption of the railways, some fifty or hundred years hence, by the State, casts, we are told, the truest and most brilliant light on the financial future of France; and though the prospect is allowed to be rather remote, it is duly recorded as evidence of the stability of the finances of the country.

Notwithstanding the tone of exaggeration which destroys the value of M. MAGNE's Budget as a business document, there is no doubt much in the present condition of France on which a Minister of Finance has a good right to congratulate himself and the country; and if a few trustworthy figures had been given in the place of a great many inflated sentences, it would have been within the power of the Government to exhibit a statement which might have really proved the existence of some of the prosperity which M. MAGNE is in general content to assume as the text for his pleasant discourse. One or two facts which are known independently of the official report are eloquent as to the progress of France in wealth and commerce. If the trade of the country has not advanced as rapidly as our own, it has nevertheless shown an average increase of something like eight per cent. per annum for many years; and though this is very far short of the result exhibited by M. MAGNE's carefully selected figures, it is a very encouraging fact, especially when the clog of Protectionist legislation is taken into account. Then again, though we cannot think it a very great feat to have got through the Russian war with annual deficits of 7,000,000*l.*, and more, in addition to loans the aggregate amount of which was 60,000,000*l.*, still there are circumstances connected with this period which may well be dwelt upon with satisfaction by Frenchmen. If they were obliged to borrow twice as much as we did, they may at least boast that the country was able and anxious to advance double what was required. The experiments of open loans, to which the humbler classes were especially invited to contribute, were, in every instance, completely successful, and the native subscriptions to the final loan of 30,000,000*l.*, reached the enormous sum of 120,000,000*l.* When M. MAGNE tells us, among his few facts, that the instalments have been paid with the utmost regularity, he does more to establish the case which he is officially bound to make out, than by all the imaginative eloquence with which he has so profusely loaded his Budget.

While these and similar facts testify to the growing wealth of France, there is another of M. MAGNE's statements which, so far as it goes, seems to show that, in spite of Imperial splendour and costly works, the Government has really made a successful effort to equalize revenue and expenditure. If a surplus is not actually promised as the issue of the last Budget, there is said to be already a margin of 44,000,000 francs to meet extraordinary expenses. In the absence of all details, it is impossible to say whether this statement is to be relied on as evidence of the sound financial position of the country; but even allowing for a little

possible cooking of the figures, the French Exchequer must be in a better plight now than when an avowed annual deficit of 100,000,000 francs was one of its ordinary features. The facts we have stated are very nearly all that are to be found in M. MAGNE's elaborate report. But though he has not favoured the world with the means of testing very accurately the soundness of his predictions, we know no reason for doubting that France is really in a course of steady progress, though she may not be travelling to unbounded prosperity at the express pace which M. MAGNE's rhapsodies would lead one to imagine.

#### MEANS OF CIVILIZATION IN INDIA.

SOME of the most melancholy results of the Indian mutiny are not yet fully understood in England. Public attention has fastened tenaciously on the timidity of the Indian Government in the propagation of Christianity, and there is everywhere a natural anxiety that a fault universally believed to exist should be in some measure repaired; but our very regret that the highest instrument of civilization has been imperfectly used, blinds us to many experiments which were proceeding under the happiest auspices till this unlucky revolt arrested them. We are not now speaking of material improvements, though of course every telegraph wire broken, every railway pulled up, every great work of irrigation damaged, is a blow the less to immobility and superstition, and a barrier the more for civilizing progress to surmount. But other influences than these have been robbed of their activity by the outbreak, first among which we are disposed to place the ameliorations which were being effected in the arts of Government and in the administration of the law. Praising the reforms which have recently taken place in the political arrangements of India is, indeed, very like praising centralization; but though it should be true that Lord DALHOUSIE made the greatest of mistakes in steadily increasing the authority of the central power, the fault would lie, not in the conception of the system which he did so much to introduce, but in his overrating the fitness of the country for any sort of political refinement. If the assumption be once made that a nation is to be governed despotically, the ordinary arguments against centralization fall to the ground; and there can be no greater blessing to the subject, and no more civilizing school to the persons employed by Government, than the simplification of authority by the convergence of all administrative threads in one central department. But all Lord DALHOUSIE's machinery has been suddenly broken to pieces, and will almost certainly be replaced by much rougher contrivances. To this great loss is added one still greater, in the hopelessness of any important legal reforms. That general code of laws which every man of more than ordinary talent who has mixed in Indian government has perceived to be the grand requirement of the country, is now further off than ever; and with it has disappeared the prospect of educating the native by admitting him to the judicial and forensic practice of a legal system which, on the one hand, shall not savour of his own barbarism, and, on the other, shall not strike him in the light of an exotic mystery.

It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that the moral influence which law can be made capable of exerting will not be altogether lost sight of in the reorganization of India. Foreign observers of England have acutely attributed much of the national reverence for law and vested right to the school of quasi-judicial experience of which all classes have the benefit through serving on juries. Nothing is more certain than that the same sort of education might be extended to the natives of India with the happiest effect on their morality. As a civilizing power, a wise and equitable system of legal rules is of course far inferior to Christianity; but, so long as we retain common sense, we cannot ignore the difficulties which, at the very best, attend missionary enterprise, nor can we deny that the Christianization of India will be a work of immense labour and prolonged duration. But Law, as a civilizer, encounters no such obstacles as beset conversion. From the very first, the natives have admired our inflexible justice; and when our conquests were in their infancy, those who knew nothing of us except what was hateful used to allow that we followed the "rule of SOLOMON, the son of DAVID." Our political obliquities may have been as flagrant as our enemies please, though, in any case, our hesitating annexations must have looked like equity itself to a people who knew no rule of empire except the fluctuations of the eternal struggle between Mahometan and Mahratta; but our

administration of the civil law—of the law which comes home to men's every-day life—has been absolutely blameless, even according to a European standard. Native writers have spoken of it as something like the advent of a secular millennium. Now, what better means of moral elevation can be devised than associating the Hindoo with the European in that rigid application of the written text which he already regards with unmixed approval? In default of Christian knowledge, what other seminary of truth, justice, and mercy can be provided for the victims of a perverted civilization?

Unfortunately, this class of experiments on native character has been carried a very little way, and various causes have impaired, and perhaps neutralized, their influence. Our administration of the law may be faultless, but it has been impossible to ask the native to respect the law which was being administered. Three bodies of jurisprudence are in presence of each other throughout India. The Mahometan law—a purely theological system—does not affect to rest on any basis of reason, and excludes all argument or exposition which does not resolve itself into exegetical interpretation of the Koran. The Hindoo codes are by no means untinctured with the spirit of equity; but the best parts of the civil law which they enshrine are full of an archaic and patriarchal barbarism, and the residue is merely the written statement of the claims of priestly tyranny. The third system is the English law. It is unnecessary to describe its characteristics, but we may safely say that, whatever may be its merits, they are unintelligible to a Hindoo. Few enterprises are more hopeless than the attempt to make a Frenchman understand the methods of English jurisprudence. What is a difficulty to a European would be an impossibility with an Oriental. Compel him to obey English law, and he will regard the rule of life to which he is forced to accommodate himself as one of the many inexplicable oddities which a mysterious destiny has sent him from Europe along with his Feringhee masters. He may admire the rigid adherence of the judge to his cases, but the system itself he will place on exactly the same level with the marvellous jurisprudence which the Mahometans have extracted from the dreamy nonsense of their Prophet. As for moral influence, English law would do the Hindoo about as much good as a compulsory diet of cow-beef—a regimen, by the way, which some of the friends of India, and foes of caste, seem exceedingly anxious to prescribe for the spiritual maladies of Brahmins and Rajpoots.

Next to Christianity, the greatest of all boons to India would be a codified law, built on those principles of equity which come home to the conscience of every human being, and borrowing no more of local usage than inveterate habit renders necessary. Unluckily, we shall have to recede from the little that has been done in the preparation of such a code, and the hopes which were indulged till recently of joining Asiatics with Europeans in its practice and administration must now be renounced as chimerical. Nevertheless, we do trust that the educating and civilizing capabilities of law will still have some sphere of action provided for them. One inevitable result of the Bengal disturbances will be the withdrawal or curtailment of those large privileges of appeal which the Hindoo litigant has enjoyed hitherto. Civil magistrates, and military men entrusted with judicial functions, will have to be invested far more freely than heretofore with the power of irreversibly decreeing both punishment and redress, for we now know that the ordinary native suitor misunderstands a procedure which has not the directness and simplicity of patriarchal equity. It is not enough in India that Justice is known to weigh the case in her scales, and smite the offender with her sword—the connexion between the two processes must be visible in all its course. In order that this increased independence of the local judiciary may produce some of the beneficent effects which the spectacle of rigidly-just tribunals is capable of exerting on Hindoo morality, it is most essential that the Judge should himself be under guidance somewhat surer than mere rough common sense. Every Indian civilian, every soldier transferred to the Civil Service, ought to have a systematic training in jurisprudence. So far as Sir ERSKINE PERRY's notable scheme for flooding India with unfledged barristers from the two Temples is meant to supply something better than the empiricism of Indian magistrates, it hits a blot which will only deepen under the new judicial arrangements; but the plan itself has fatal defects, both because the ultra-technical bias of English lawyers, and particularly young English lawyers, would do more harm than

their superior knowledge would do good, and also because the barristers decline to be instructed in the native language. The demand of the Calcutta petitioners, that English should be the judicial language through India, shows that the lawyers offer to administer justice at a price which would absolutely destroy their usefulness. The proper system is certainly one which should provide the embryo Indian civilian with a regular and careful education in the great principles or methods of law. It is to be remarked that the original scheme for recruiting the Civil Service by competition contemplated two years' study of jurisprudence on the part of the successful candidates as a necessary qualification for office in India. But, through the rapidity with which the young civilians have been used up, this part of the plan has fallen through. It must be restored, unless one of the greatest moral agencies known to man is to be neglected in a country which has everything to gain from its operation.

#### GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC is gone. The intelligence falls most mournfully on the ear. The death of a great citizen in a free country is not an event of such unmixed sadness. If it is the end, it is also the completion of a noble life; and something of the gladness of harvest mingles with the melancholy of the departing year. There are others to take the place and follow the great example of the departed. But this man can have no successor, for, in his country, liberty, the parent of great citizens, is dead. Great and irreparable is the loss to France. Here was the one man who could be looked to, in case another chance should be granted to French freedom, as capable of grasping the reins in the first inevitable moment of confusion, and certain to use his power faithfully for the interest of his country, and not selfishly for his own. Here was the one soldier able to wield the sword at need, and sure to wield it, not for the ends of a vulgar soldier, but for liberty and law. Here was the man whose name, severely tested as he had been, would have assured order when despotism was overthrown, and whose presence was a guarantee to society that the restoration of freedom should not be the signal for anarchy and blood. It is said that he was not a deep political theorist, or a man of first-rate intellectual power. It may have been so. But he seems to have been a thoroughly single-hearted man; and single-heartedness, whether for good or evil, multiplies intellectual power tenfold. WASHINGTON found genius in duty. But CAVAIGNAC was not destined to be tried by the possession of supreme power. He seemed to have many years and a momentous future before him. He had just been called from that simplicity of private life to which he had wisely and uncomplainingly retired, to place himself at the head of a constitutional movement against arbitrary power. The eyes of his countrymen were upon him, when suddenly the thread is severed, and he is gone.

He was a man of honour and principle, says practical journalism, neatly moralizing on the event, and honour and principle were too slow for the French market. Some day they may be at a premium again, and then our fine commonplaces of morality—our "man is distinguished from the beasts by his love of right and his hatred of wrong"—will come into play again. In the meantime, the French Government has done the funeral very handsomely. Let us turn to themes of more practical and more perennial interest—the last backstairs news of the existing Powers of the world, the *raprochements* and *refroidissements* of diplomatic tricksters, the scrambles of Spanish courtiers for the privilege of picking the pockets of their nation, the international squabbles of the *Cicci Romani* about their carpet-bags, and the position on fortune's wheel of the ever-revolving REDSCHID PACHA. So says the practical mind, naturally enough, and it has the latest improvement of philosophy on its side. *Vae victis*, according to our most advanced thinkers, appears to be the ultimate expression of social science. The morality of history has been superseded by its physiology, and physiology looks only to results. See a man or a cause down, and you know at once that the man or the cause is wrong. The Republic, in the person of CAVAIGNAC, is vanquished; the Empire, in the person of his rival, is victorious; that is the phenomenon, of which the rational investigator has only to seek the natural law. It is a pity that this science cannot be at once perfected, and conclusively assert its claim to be considered a science by exercising the power of prediction. Noble natures might be saved, not only from wrecking and wasting

themselves, but from mischievously impeding the necessary progress of the world, if it could only be demonstrated at once by the political analyst that the cause for which they struggle must prove the weakest in the end.

But to those who still look to history for moral lessons, and who believe that in its moral struggles its interest is centred, the death of CAVAIGNAC will afford matter for reflections not to be summed up in a single page. We seem to hear the final death-knell of the French Republic in the departure of the last great Republican leader, at the moment when the Empire appears to be completely consolidated on the basis of an overwhelming military force, with the close alliance of the other despotisms of Europe, and of the great and powerful priesthood which is their common sanctifier and support. The principles of the Revolution are vanquished. If the contest is to be renewed, it must be renewed *de novo* from the point at which the registration of arbitrary edicts was first refused by the Parliament of Paris. This, then, is the termination of that memorable struggle of France for civil and religious liberty, unequalled for its length, its wild intensity, and its strange and terrible fortunes in the annals of the world. This is the evening of that splendid dawn of hope for France and for mankind which, to the pure hearts of such men as WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, and MACINTOSH, made it bliss to be living, and heaven to be young. The French Revolution has not been without results; but some of its greatest results have now a very precarious existence, and in its highest objects it must be said to have failed—and not only to have failed, but to have brought great disasters on the world. Looking to the excesses, the crimes, and the chimeras with which it was sullied and disgraced, we must acknowledge in its shameful end the signal justice of Heaven upon the folly and wickedness of man. Yet we must remember that Heaven is as merciful as it is just—that if it notes the evil, it will also note the good—that the life-blood of many a noble heart was mingled with the foul blood of the Terrorists—that the high thoughts of many a pure mind were merged in one ruin with the sanguinary chimeras of ROBESPIERRE—and that disinterested error, however wild, is not visited with the shameful doom reserved for abject selfishness and base indifference to truth. For the sake of the good men who have perished in it, the better part of the Revolution may yet be permitted to rise again.

Of CAVAIGNAC himself, no one has said a word but good. He has ended, without stain or reproach, his honourable and simple life. Whether his political principles were right or wrong, he was faithful to them in the midst of perfidy—in the midst of selfishness he loved them better than himself. His life, contrasting with the sudden splendours of the Empire, was simple as the life of a great citizen should be. The memory of such a man must command the respect of the veriest absolutist whom the lust of self-degradation has not made blind to the dignity of civil virtue. There is a noble contradiction in the character of a religious soldier. There is a contradiction scarcely less noble in the character of a soldier, especially a French soldier, who is the sincere and ardent servant of liberty and law. CAVAIGNAC had at one time great powers of self-aggrandisement in his hands, but probably he never regretted that he had forborne to use them. If France must needs have a man to trample on her and to cringe to, he had resolved that he would not be that man; and this protest, whatever it may be worth, he has bequeathed to a nation to which, at least, the lesson of dignity and self-reliance cannot be said to be superfluous. He did his duty to his country, and he was unsuccessful; he is gone where success is nothing, and duty all. Nor will his name and memory be without their power. It is not owing to the love of an arbitrary Government for the ex-chief of a Republic, and a man whose whole life was a homage to Constitutional principle, that he has been borne in pomp and reverence to his grave. And arbitrary power, if tempted to excesses, may fear to see the spirit of law and liberty once more stand in arms before its rival's beloved and honoured tomb.

#### RESULTS OF THE FALL OF DELHI.

IT was natural that the magnitude and importance of the great event which was the prominent feature of the last intelligence from India, should dwarf, for a time, all the other incidents recorded in the letters and papers brought by the fortnightly mail. The fall of Delhi was the close of another act of the great drama. Beside it everything else

seemed little, vague, dim, and conjectural. And yet, even if Delhi had not fallen, the news would not have lacked interest and significance, and there would still have been good cause for self-congratulation and rejoicing.

Our fears for the safety of Lucknow, which had once risen to fever-heat, had somewhat subsided under the assurances brought by the preceding mail; but there were some who still doubted the ability of the garrison to hold out until HAVELOCK's arrival, and there were others who questioned his power to make good his march to Lucknow in the face of the overwhelming difficulties which seemed to threaten his advance. But these not unreasonable apprehensions are now allayed. Our countrymen at Lucknow, no longer threatened with famine, were, at the date of our last advices, in good heart, and able even to act on the offensive; and OUTRAM having formed a junction with HAVELOCK, there was little doubt that their united detachments would overcome the formidable opposition which they were likely to meet between the river and the Oude capital. There will, no doubt, have been some hard fighting. The number of armed villages, and the immense multitude of fighting men, said to be on our line of march, could scarcely fail to give our intrepid leaders some trouble. But we can feel no misgivings as to the issue. It was characteristic of OUTRAM's chivalry and generosity, that on forming a junction with his brother general, and, as the senior officer, becoming *ipso facto* the commander of the entire force, he should have waived the privilege of his rank, and refused to supersede one who had so worthily proved his fitness for command. Armed with high civil authority as chief commissioner of Lucknow, OUTRAM, whilst in his military capacity acting as second-in-command under HAVELOCK, would be able to afford invaluable counsel and assistance to his brother general, and, by relieving him from political responsibility, to leave HAVELOCK free to devote his mind uninterruptedly to the purely military work before him. This work will not be limited to the relief of Lucknow. That great object attained, our troops will still have some hard fighting to bring the province, which we had well-nigh lost, again under subjection. The great central point of interest will thus be removed from Delhi to Oude—from the city of the Mogul to the country of the Wuzeer.

It is probable that a large number of the Delhi mutineers have escaped; and it is believed that thousands of them will reappear in Oude and in other parts of the country, either as an independent force or in scattered bands, attaching themselves, as opportunity offers, to other divisions of the rebel army. But they must have left the walls of Delhi crippled and disheartened, and can hardly ever again be the formidable enemies which they once were. Their small-arm ammunition had begun to fail them some time before the assault was determined upon; and we presume that their flight has been too hasty and disorderly to have allowed them to carry off any of their guns and ordnance stores. On the whole, it may be doubted whether, in any view of the case, the beaten and discomfited Delhi garrison will contribute any real strength to the rebel cause in other parts of the country. Such of them as may be still disposed to fight it out will carry with them only the prestige of defeat. Huge masses of men, without the munitions and equipments of war, can be little more than an embarrassment and an incumbrance. We should apprehend little mischief, therefore, from their alliance with the Oude or with any other rebel force, if the whole body of mutineers driven from Delhi were still resolved to continue the struggle. But it appears to us at least equally probable that the greater number of them, finding the game up at Delhi, and the king reduced not merely to a powerless, but to a penniless puppet, may deem it expedient to return to their homes, rejoin their families with their spoils, and betake themselves again to agricultural pursuits—hoping thereby to evade pursuit and detection when the day of retribution comes. All who have clung to the hope of seeing the dynasty of the Mogul emperors restored, and, in this hope, have felt that they were fighting for something substantive and intelligible, will now find themselves without an object, without a rallying-point, without a hope of success, or even an idea to give any kind of dignity or consistency to their movements. In the plight to which they have been reduced, they are more likely to shrink from a renewal of the contest than to continue it in the face of certain destruction. By throwing away their arms, stripping off their accoutrements, and doffing altogether the externals of the soldier, they may perhaps, in many cases, escape their doom by subsiding into

civil life before the time has yet come for us to hunt out offenders and bring them to justice. At all events, whatever may be the chance of evading detection, every month, every week will lessen it; and now that the tide has turned so unmistakably against the rebels, they must feel that their only safety lies in escaping our vengeance, and that they can do nothing to resist it.

For this reason—that many will doubtless escape, and that, after a lapse of time, there may be some difficulties in the way of identification—it is the more incumbent upon us to spare none whose guilt is beyond all question. That any single mutineer and murderer, caught as it were in the act, should be suffered to escape the just vengeance which humanity itself invokes upon his head, is a possibility which we cannot contemplate without indignation. Among other items of intelligence brought by the last mail, was one to the effect that Mr. GRANT had caused 150 rebels, taken by General NEILL, to be released; and the statement has caused a flood of indignation to be poured forth on the head of the offending civilian. What would be our opinion of such an act, if proved to have been committed, may be gathered from what we have written above, and from what we have written on many former occasions. But we suspend our judgment until we are fully acquainted with the facts. In the course of a few days, the matter will doubtless be set in its true light. In the meanwhile, we cannot, on the imperfect evidence before us, impute to any responsible public servant an act of such egregious and criminal folly as that with which rumour has charged Mr. GRANT.

#### RAISING THE WIND.

EVERY class of society has its own distinct code of morals. What is a venial offence in one set is unpardonable in another—not so much from any excess of virtue in the latter over the former, as from the peculiar necessities of the mode of life of each. In fact, moralists of the expediency school might find abundant instances to show that the public opinion of each section of the community is, naturally enough, loudest in its condemnation of the particular wrong which is fraught with the greatest danger to itself. We by no means pledge ourselves to the opinion that this rather selfish principle affords the most accurate measure of the enormity of any particular offence; but we may be quite sure that society is in an unwholesome state when there is a tendency, on the part of any considerable number of persons to set at naught the special code of morals recognised by those who are engaged in their own class of occupations and duties. Some ugly symptoms of this kind have, however, been showing themselves of late in the trading community. We especially allude to the evidence which is continually turning up of the extent to which the practice of issuing accommodation-paper has been carried. There may be some who look upon kite-flying rather as a folly than a crime; and it certainly is not a matter of much public concern, so long as the amusement is confined to those whose only serious business in life is to relieve themselves betimes of the burden of an expected fortune. But when trade is deeply infected by the practice, the consequences are serious enough to justify the horror with which accommodation paper is regarded by the stricter sort of City moralists. If the Hon. Mr. NOODLE chooses to accept the draught of his friend Captain NOODLE, in order to enable the latter gentleman to raise half the amount in cash and champagne, and to devote the residue to the payment of 50% per cent. discount, there is no particular mischief done to any but the actors in the transaction. But it is impossible to exaggerate the fatal results of such transactions on the part of merchants and tradesmen. The very existence of commerce is based on the security of bills of exchange, and there can be no confidence in such instruments when once the employment of accommodation bills becomes a prevalent custom. So long as each bill in circulation really represents an actual transaction, the liabilities of a trader must bear a fixed relation to the extent of his business. In ordinary cases, it is a fair presumption that the value received for a bill will be used to a profit, and there is consequently a reasonable ground for expecting that the acceptance will be duly met. The best names could not long command indefinite loans, unless the reliance placed on their general solvency were backed up by the sort of material guarantee which is afforded by the fact that their real business dealings are in proportion to the accommodation they ask for. But the instant that negotiable securities cease to represent actual transactions, this ground of confidence is gone.

Every fresh discovery of fictitious bills not only ruins the credit of the individuals concerned, but helps to shake the general confidence of the trading community in the securities by which all business is mainly carried on. More than one instance has recently occurred in which firms of good repute, brought to a stand-still by the effects of the American crisis, have been found to have been dealing extensively in these fictitious bills, which are like so much poison to the credit-system of the country. A little lower down in the commercial scale, matters are still worse, and we find tradesmen flooding the market with acceptances of women and boys, of servants without a sixpence, and imaginary friends, who never had any existence at all. One of the most startling of these cases has been lately exhibited in that museum of commercial monstrosities—the Court of Bankruptcy; and we are happy to see that the offenders have met with no lenient sentence from Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD.

Messrs. SARGROVE and RAGG are the gentlemen who have just done the only service to society of which they were capable, by opening the eyes of the world to the audacity with which the concoctors of accommodation bills will sometimes carry on their operations. Mr. RAGG, the financial genius of the partnership, detailed his various expedients for raising the wind with a candour which may have sprung from his regard for truth, if it was not rather due to an insolent disregard of the opinion of the world. For about ten years this worthy upholsterer had been discounting, at the rate of 10 or 12 per cent., about 20,000*l.* a-year of fictitious bills. For this purpose he had a long list of acceptors, whose names were used as occasion served. One is described by Mr. RAGG as a poor man living in London, without any business. He figured as a Mr. WOODMAN, upholsterer, of Torquay, and accepted as many bills as were wanted. Mr. BROWN, of Stratford-terrace, was another valuable supporter of the firm. He is described as extremely accommodating, and is said to have given an indefinite authority to Mr. RAGG and his servants to accept as many bills as they pleased in his name. Young Mr. SARGROVE took this office on himself, and signed for the real or imaginary BROWNS to any extent that might be required. A couple of boys, in the employ of the firm at a few shillings a-week, had each an acceptor assigned to them, whose names they were to use whenever Mr. RAGG desired to increase his securities. The arrangement was as natural as it was undoubtedly convenient; for the person in whose name one of the bills was to accept was a Mr. GURTEMBURG, a gentleman of independent means at Norwood, who was afflicted with paralysis, and unable to write his own name. It was a fortunate circumstance for the independent gentleman that he was not in existence to be sued upon his bills. Another gentleman, who was also unable to write—a Mr. BRADLEY—was assisted in the same way by the other shop-boy. But variety was essential to Mr. RAGG's operations; so, in addition to the pens of the establishment, he retained a friend—one SMITH—to do acceptances for him at one shilling a-piece. Another coadjutor was a lady of the name of MARY ANN HIRONS, whose principal wealth consisted of half-a-dozen small children, and who had accepted bills for a few thousands, drawn on an imaginary Mr. HIRONS, of Maida Hill. These are only a few of the names which the ingenious Mr. RAGG had always at his command; and all were duly worked in their turn, to keep up the supply of paper.

Unfortunately, there was one weak point in the system, which ultimately ruined the whole speculation. The 12 per cent. discounts just a little more than swallowed up all the profits of the trade; and after keeping up the game with wonderful skill for many years, the clever firm were obliged to have recourse to the Court of Bankruptcy. With the unlimited command of negotiable paper which they were so fortunate as to possess, nothing was easier than to have a stock of goods sufficient to pay 1*l.* in the pound, and to promise a triumphant passage through the dangers of Basinghall Street. But Mr. RAGG's good fortune failed him at last. His own bill-discounter, who had made some 10,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* out of his transactions, turned against him, and opposed his certificate. The whole story came out, and Mr. RAGG was sent forth on the world without a certificate to protect him from his creditors. The Commissioner, rather pointedly called attention to the fact that it might be forgery, to write the name of a non-existing person on a bill of exchange; but probably the solicitors of the Court of Bankruptcy will find the prosecution of the Royal British Bank Directors sufficient to occupy them without acting on the hint from the Court, and instituting criminal proceedings against any of Mr. RAGG's

humble acceptors. Even Mr. RAGG himself will probably be allowed to enjoy the measure of tranquillity which belongs to the life of an uncertificated bankrupt.

We do not imagine that this disgraceful case can be regarded as otherwise than exceptional in its worst features; but the effrontery with which the system was worked, the facility with which the bills were discounted, and the length of time during which it was found possible to carry on the sport, suggest—what other facts only too clearly confirm—that the systematic creation of accommodation paper has entered more largely into the trade of the country than it is at all pleasant to believe. As yet there cannot be much cause for panic on this account, for the better class of mercantile firms would no doubt struggle to the last against an expedient so ruinous to their credit; but if the honour of English commerce is to be maintained unsullied, it is essential that the use of accommodation bills and similar artifices should be marked with the most express condemnation, and extirpated, as far as possible, with unrelenting severity.

#### HISTORICAL PARALLELS TO THE INDIAN MUTINY.

PEOPLE have naturally sought a parallel for the Indian crisis in history; and they have as naturally fixed on the appalling struggle between Carthage and her insurgent mercenaries, known in history for its horrors—unequalled till now—as the Truceless or Inexpiable War. In one important respect the parallel is just, inasmuch as the Truceless War was primarily not a rebellion, but a mutiny, and a mutiny of mercenary soldiers. After the close of the first Punic war, a great body of these mercenaries of various nations—Spaniards, Gauls, Italians, natives of the Balearic Isles, and Africans—were thrown on the hands of the Carthaginian Government, who proposed to disband them. Hamilcar, who had most of them under his command in Sicily, knowing their mutinous spirit, prudently shipped them off to Africa in small detachments, advising the Government to pay and disband each detachment as it arrived. The wise men of Carthage, however, kept the several detachments waiting for their pay—in hopes, apparently, of beating down their demands—till the whole body had landed; when the soldiers, knowing full well that the promises of the Carthaginians were worthless, and that they should never get their pay unless they extorted it at once, broke out into a dreadful mutiny. This mutiny, however, would have been put down very speedily by Hamilcar, who was the Havelock of Carthage, had he not been trammelled by an imbecile Government and thwarted by the blockhead of a colleague whom they gave him, in the person of their favourite Hanno. As it was, a long and wavering contest ensued, in which appalling atrocities were perpetrated by the mercenaries, and repaid with a vengeance as appalling. The mutineers seem to have been led, not by a single chief, but by a board like that which has been happily mismanaging the affairs of the mutineers at Delhi—a plan which no doubt was rendered necessary by the differences of race among the mutinous army in the former case, as perhaps it was by the difference of religion in the latter. Hamilcar, when once fairly in command, soon showed the ascendancy of a single controlling and animating mind.

So far as the Truceless War was a great mutiny of mercenaries, the parallel, as we have said, holds good; but there it ends. The situation of Carthage was utterly unlike that of England, and her danger immeasurably greater. Imagine England reduced to London. Imagine London reduced to a number of luxurious and unwelcome plutocrats on one hand, and a populace slobbering between the mob of a low sea-port and the Neapolitan *lazzaroni* on the other. Imagine England to be inhabited by a small number of English in a much worse political condition than that of Manchester before the Reform Bill, by a number of serfs in the condition of the Saxons immediately after the Norman Conquest, and by large gangs of gaol-birds in the shape of slaves. Imagine Scotland to be inhabited by the most lawless of the old Highland clans, with whom you are perpetually waging a border war. Imagine the Bengal army to be besieging London instead of Lucknow, and the people of the country—unenfranchised English, serfs, slaves, and savages—to be swelling their ranks and furnishing them with the supplies. Imagine the ladies of Brentford to be sending in their jewels to provide the sinews of war for Nana Sahib. Imagine your only native army to consist of the City train bands and a park of guns of large calibre, but which as often mow down your own ranks as those of the enemy. Imagine your Government to consist of a secret council of a dozen of the fattest Aldermen, with a *faux* Lord Mayor. Imagine that you have just been thoroughly beaten in a twenty years' war with France, and that France is quietly taking possession of Malta and Gibraltar, while you are fighting it out with your Brahmins and Rajpoots. Then you have Carthage—with her merchant-oligarchy and her Suffetes, her mob, her subject Liby-Phœnicians, her Libyan Fellahs, her slave-gangs, her burgher militia, and her 300 war elephants—as she was when struggling against the mutinous mercenaries at her gates, and the oppressed Africans who supported them, after her overthrow by Rome in the first Punic War. To crown all, suppose that, on the failure of all the human resources of the State, our last refuge was in

deities as capricious as they were obscene, and that, instead of getting the Archbishop of Canterbury to write a flat prayer, we had to sacrifice the firstborn of some rich Alderman to Baal Peor. Nothing can be more absurd than the parallel which the French are so fond of drawing, and to which Napoleon used to make fustian allusions, between England and Carthage. We resemble the Carthaginians only in having a large commerce, and, of course, in that Punic perfidy which has led us to thrash the French Rome in all our Punic wars. Carthage was a great commercial city without a nation—the French have found on several occasions that England is a nation, and not only a great commercial city. The only State in modern history that can be fairly compared with Carthage is Venice; and if their *condottieri* had mutilated in a body at the most critical juncture of their history, the Venetians would have been pretty much in the same position as the Carthaginians in the Truceless War.

The Mithridatic War offers in some respects a closer historical parallel. England is far more like Rome than Carthage, and her empire far more resembles that of the former than that of the latter. Indeed, a person familiar with Roman history, in reading a description of British India, may almost fancy that he is reading a description of one of the Eastern Provinces of Rome. Rome, however, unhappily for herself, administered her Provinces on that selfish system which a certain clique are anxious to recommend to us for our future adoption in the administration of Hindostan. She made her subject millions and their territories the perquisite of Roman merchants, usurers, politicians, and lawyers. The Proconsuls, owing their own position and their own immunity in oppression and plunder to the suffrage of the Roman people, were always inclined, unless they were men of strict integrity, to play into the hands of the Roman citizens resident in their jurisdiction, who were often the agents of powerful and wealthy men at Rome. All lawsuits and indictments were tried by a Roman judge with Roman assessors, and there was little justice except for Romans. The Roman merchants, backed by the political power, grasped the trade of the world, extinguished native commerce, and even procured the destruction of some great commercial towns. This iniquitous system pressed in its worst form on the province of Asia, and the consequence was that the different races included in that province combined, in spite of their differences, and rose against the Roman yoke. In one day 80,000 Romans were massacred with circumstances of cruelty resembling those which are appalling us now; and the secrecy with which the massacre was prepared, and the completeness and suddenness with which it overtook its multitudinous and scattered victims, show that the subtlety and secrecy of Eastern natures were then as remarkable as they are now. But this was a national rebellion against a yoke intolerable to the nation. Moreover, it had a leader, and one of no ordinary kind. Mithridates was the life and soul of the movement, and nothing but his indomitable nature and extraordinary resource maintained the contest so long; for the Oriental hosts went down before small Roman armies whenever they met them in the field, just as the hosts of Hindostan have gone down before small English armies at Plassy, Assaye, and Cawnpore. The King of Pontus was a miracle of physical, and of a low kind of moral, force. He was the strongest man, the first rider, the first archer, the first drinker, and the first polygamist of the East—a perfect Oriental hero—a sort of Rustam, as it has been remarked, or Samson. He had been trained from his childhood, not in the Zenana, but in the school of adversity and danger; and if he was not proof against poison—a tradition which we presume medical science would reject—he was at least a thoroughly iron man. He was also perhaps the best hater in the world; and in the strength of that hate he found vigour, constancy, and almost genius. He entered upon the war with enormous pecuniary resources; and, like some of our native antagonists in India, he had good European officers in his pay. Yet European arms and Roman steadfastness were too much for him, in spite of the terrible civil war which, during a great part of the period, was raging at Rome; and he was driven from field to field, from point to point, from country to country, till at last he could only escape his enemies by death. Happily, Nana Sahib is a Mithridates only in cruelty and perfidy; and what is still more important, he carries no nation with him. He is not likely to cause us the fearful anxieties and vicissitudes, or to afford our generals the triumphs of a Mithridatic war.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON RUGBY.

THERE is always a temptation to idealize the past, and to speak of a generation that has gone as necessarily superior to that of which we form a part; and as every generation cannot possibly be, in all points, an advance on those that have preceded it, it is obvious that this praise of what has been must sometimes be right. We have thus to strike a balance, allowing that it is possible we may fall short of our fathers, but requiring strict proof that this is actually the case. Generally, it is very difficult to do so, for we have to make as many concessions in one direction as we make claims in the other; but sometimes an example of deterioration comes before us so marked and so indisputable that we need not stop a moment to argue whether it exists. The two old famous Reviews which in the first quarter of this century were the highest representatives of English literature, thought,

and mental activity, afford perhaps instances as striking as any that could be named. They have had their heroic times, and are now come down to the level of the ordinary world. It is not that they do not every now and then contain articles conspicuous for ability and knowledge—perhaps no number is published without having such an article among its contents. But, speaking of the publications as a whole, the general spirit, the pervading tone, the old fire and force, are gone. Far from leading English public opinion, these periodicals now reflect the timidity, the intolerance, and the narrowness of all that is second-rate in society and in individuals. The reason is obvious. They have been ruined by their own success. Their reputation, so long enjoyed, so widely extended, and associated with names so eminent, has secured them an enormous sale. It has become one of the habits of the wealthy Englishman to have them on his table, and there is scarcely a family in easy circumstances in the kingdom to which their circulation does not extend. They have, therefore, to fulfil a new condition, and gradually this condition has absorbed all others. They have to be so written that the property shall not diminish in value. It would seem as if, on a new editor first entering on the duties of his post, he felt called upon to make a solemn initiatory vow, that come what may he will maintain the tea-table circulation of the periodical. And it must be acknowledged that the pledge given in this resolution is most scrupulously redeemed.

The *Quarterly* has, in its number just issued, an article on Rugby. This was a great and a fertile subject. Fifteen years have now elapsed since the death of Arnold. The school has passed through the administrations of two successors. We have had the life of Arnold in our hands for many years, and many of his pupils are now men eminent in their several stations, and well advanced in middle life. Surely we can now judge of the man and of his system in a different way from what was possible when the first feelings of regret, admiration, and surprise were awakened by his loss. We may ask ourselves whether Arnold's system of school government had really any peculiarity, and, if it had, whether that peculiarity was entirely beneficial, and whether his opinions so strongly and emphatically expressed on religious and political questions had really any connexion with the influence he exerted, or the system he created. Then the obvious imperfections of his mind—his exaggeration, his hardness of assertion, his entire want of humour—might surely now be touched on without paining the feelings of any to whom his memory is dear. Some notice might also be taken of the curious preference of a good moral tone over the accuracies of critical inquiry, which led him to accept Niebuhr's theories in a lump, because he was charmed with the cast of Niebuhr's character. Of course a Reviewer, if he was fit to enter on the subject, would take care to show his substantial reverence for Arnold's nobleness, and his appreciation of all the good which Arnold effected; but it is impossible that impartial persons should not now see Arnold in a different light from that in which he presented himself to friends in the first burst of their sorrow. Experience has taught us something. We know how much the practical influence of Arnold has been felt, and how completely his most cherished theories are forgotten. We have watched how his system has thriven under two successors, so unlike him, and so unlike each other. A very remarkable book on Rugby has also appeared lately, which suggests many reflections on the school which it paints. *Tom Brown* sketches scenes of Rugby life with a fidelity, a spirit, and a liveliness which are above praise. But *Tom Brown* is not a pure reflection of Rugby or of Arnold. It is coloured throughout by a very intimate acquaintance and ardent sympathy with Mr. Kingsley's novels. The points admired, the scruples entertained, the duties enforced, are either entirely drawn from those works, or are modified and shaped by them. When the author of *Tom Brown* trusts to his wonderfully strong and copious memory, he is once more a Rugby boy. When he moralizes, his morality is much nearer *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* than Arnold's sermons. We might have hoped that a contributor to a leading Review would have gone into this subject, which throws so much light on Arnold and on the direction in which some at least of his pupils have moved. But then the writer must have had some acquaintance with the school and the matters of which he writes, and this might have been dangerous. When a topic is interesting, it generally cuts across subjects on which people think differently, and, perhaps, feel strongly; and it is a good piece of practical wisdom, and eminently conducive to the interests of a tea-table circulation, that its treatment should be confided to some one who knows nothing whatever about it. For, if he knows nothing, he probably will say nothing, and then nobody can be offended. So far, very likely the *Quarterly* was right. It had got hold of a writer who knew no more of Rugby than of the customs of a tribe in Central Africa. It wished to be safe, and it is safe. But what we are astonished at is, the kind of writing which it thinks good enough for the tea-tables—the literary level at which it is content to rest—the standard of English, of coherence, and of common sense which it thinks high enough for a periodical made illustrious by the names of Scott and Southey.

It is not, however, literally true that the Reviewer has found nothing new to say of Rugby. There is one point on which he dwells, which, as far as we know, had not been noticed before. He has added a new fact to the life of Arnold. This fact, this discovery—which has fastened itself powerfully on his mind, and which he communicates with the most elaborate earnestness to

his readers—is that Arnold gave the boys enough to eat. What has struck him about Rugby boys is that they are not starved. "Dr. Arnold," we read, "had learnt at Winchester what to avoid, and the feeding his tender flock was no less looked after by him than the nurture of their intellect." It appears that in early youth the Reviewer used to eat off pewter, "on which the juice of rare fruit pies fizzed like aquafortis," and after twelve years of reflection on the biography of Arnold, it seems to him a noble feature in the character of that great man, that he positively treated his pupils like the sons of gentlemen, and gave them enough meat on a clean dinner service. But the Reviewer, although accepting this trait as a proof of Arnold's magnanimity, evidently felt surprised that Arnold found it possible to get Rugby boys much beyond the fizzing-pewter stage of civilization. He seems to have considered that Rugbeans were, by nature and training, a set of young savages, to whom even an Eton Triptolemus has been unable to teach the arts of peace. The attempt having failed, it is to be feared that they will return to their pristine habits, and eat dirt and acorns like their predecessors. The passage is so characteristic that we will extract it, although we have to beg Dr. Goulburn's pardon for doing so. He is far too kind and upright a man to be made the victim of an absurd panegyric. The Reviewer is speaking of a work recently published, called the *Book of Rugby School* :—

The record was edited by Dr. Goulburn, the accomplished head-master, on whom the mantle of his eminent predecessor worthily descended, and by whom his system was continued. Brought up himself at Eton, a school that long has basked in the sunshine of royalty, he laboured to communicate its polish and urbanity to the native rusticity of Rugby, a local foundation of mere mesocratic origin. He has recently passed from being the teacher of boys to become the instructor of men, and the wider school of the metropolis is opened to his piety and eloquence.

We must say that here the Reviewer departs rather wantonly from the great "tea-table circulation" principle. For, so far as the *Quarterly* aims at adorning the tea-tables of Rugbeans (and even these savages buy books), there is considerable danger lest this passage should give offence. But through the greater part of his article the Reviewer keeps on the safest ground, saying nothing at all, or else saying what was long ago known to everybody. He accordingly finds it convenient to give a short abridgment of Stanley's *Life of Arnold*. Considering that this book has been in every one's hands for a dozen years, and that its contents are as familiar to the public as the histories of Alexander or Caesar, it shows a curious estimate of what readers want, to give a little narrative of Arnold's life in the style of *Peter Parley*. Let all the tea-tables in the country rejoice in the information given in the following instructive paragraph :—

After a residence of nine years he removed from Oxford to Laleham, married, took private pupils, and passed another nine years in a paradise of peace. Here his powers ripened, and full of lofty designs and panting for a wider field of usefulness, he in 1827 succeeded Dr. Wool in the head-mastership of Rugby: now his professional life began, and he plunged into fourteen years of uninterrupted toil. The natural characteristics of the monotonous country about Rugby were most uncongenial to him. The all-emboding feeling of duty reconciled him, indeed, to the change, but he felt as a "plant in a pot" that took no root, and could be removed without breaking any fibre. What he delighted in were the ancient associations of King Arthur at Winchester, and the soul-elevating mountains of the Lakes. Rugby, with its commonplace country and antecedents, its elm hedgerows and "thirteen cattle fairs," touched no chord in his heart. It was at Fox How, near Ambleside, where he had planned a retreat—*seculutus nidulus*—that he breathed freely.

It is not, however, our purpose to criticise the matter of this article, nor to express an opinion as to its shortcomings. It is its manner—the style in which it is written—that has attracted our attention—the fact that this is what is thought good enough for a Review which once held so high a place in English literature. Our readers must of course turn to the article itself to see what the style is like. It is from the whole texture of the composition that its merits are to be judged. But there are three signs of bad writing easily recognisable—poor jokes, classical tags, and wrong grammar; and we will give a few instances in which these signs appear in the article of which we are speaking. Now Mr. Murray, the publisher of the *Quarterly*, is one of the first publishers in London. His books are always excellently and carefully got up; and it almost always happens that a work issued by him has some value in it, and that the writer has some claim to be read. We can thus compare the standard exacted in his Review with that attained in the general run of the good books of the day; and we feel sure that if any one had met with such sentences as the following in a book, he would have been certain that Mr. Murray had not published it. This is all that we say—we do not want to go out of our way to pick holes in a writer's language. Elsewhere the style might pass without remark; but we think it worth noticing in the *Quarterly Review*. It is remarkable that this once-famous periodical should now admit a level of writing below that of the ordinary books of a good publisher. The following extracts might easily have been added to. We merely give those which have first come under our notice :—

By playing at games, both the pylorus and the pincal glands—where French *savants* say the soul is secreted—are taught their muscular and moral functions, and the inevitable dullness and degeneracy that comes over the boy of all work is best avoided.

After that fashion [his fizzing pewter] were we taught chemistry by the dominant Dame, an Alma Mater of most vinegar secretions, while the best coats of our new stomach were corroded and prematurely worn out.

We rejoice to hear that a more liberal system of spits is now in operation at Winchester—*novus jam vertitur ordo*.

To him tuition was a substantive duty, a *telos* of itself, and not treated as a temporary task, one *en parapluie*.

These details are suggestive *συνοψιστοις*.

Architecture at that moment was in *statu pupillari*.

Birch was then universally deemed to be the *πρωτη νηη* by which the fundamental rules of grammar were to be inculcated.

To do his duty to his utmost was the height of his ambition, *those* truly English sentiments by which Nelson and Wellington were inspired.

He was minded—*virtute officii*—to combine the cure of the souls to that of the intellects of the rising generation.

#### M. MERIMÉE ON THE FINE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

A RECENT number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contained an article on the condition of the Fine Arts in England, suggested by the Manchester Exhibition, from the able pen of M. Merimée, of which, from the friendly feeling and good sense which characterize it, we are tempted to give an analysis. M. Merimée considers Reynolds and Lawrence the founders of the English school. He attributes to those great painters the merits, "after the example of Van Dyck and Velazquez," of "excellently expressing the character and individuality of their models," besides "harmonious coloration and the knowledge of *chiaro-oscuro*;" while, at the same time, they left behind a "very dangerous example," from their neglect of careful drawing—a fault which reached its climax in Turner's latest works. The "excess of the mischief necessarily produced a reaction :—

I am informed that the reform of the school is principally due to a contemporaneous critic, Mr. Ruskin. Under favour of a style of which the strangeness often amounts to extravagance, but which is always *spirituel*, he has circulated certain healthy and even practical ideas, which, expressed in a more simple style, and with less of hauteur, would have perhaps passed unnoticed.

Thence arose an English school, which presented itself to the French Exhibition of 1855—

already formed, already disciplined, treading boldly in the path it has opened out for itself, and, remarkable to say in the present day, apparently animated by profound conviction—I wish I could say as much of our artists.

These are, of course, the pre-Raphaelites. It is natural to a foreigner to suppose that Mr. Ruskin founded that school; but, in fact, he only took it up when it had by its own energy forced itself upon public attention, through its earliest paintings (the "House at Nazareth," &c.), and its short-lived journal, termed "Art and Poetry"—just as he took up Gothic architecture years after Pugin, Scott, Carpenter, Willis, Whewell, Petit, and others had in various ways vindicated its claim on public estimation. It is, however, undoubted that to Mr. Ruskin the pre-Raphaelites are indebted for a considerable portion of their vogue. This school resembles, we are told, the "Realists" of France, in its attention to minute accuracy. But there the likeness ends. The Realists protested against "academic customs, theatrical poses, subjects drawn from mythology, the imitation of antique statuary." In England, there was "neither Academy" (in the French intensity of the word, we conclude) "nor mythology to combat." The enemy here was vicious coloration. We accept this favourable view of our condition, seen *ab extra*, as a proof that we are better off than we were aware. To our eyes, West's cold and Etty's warm classicality abundantly showed the existence of an academic and mythological influence.

M. Merimée lays it down as a further distinction, that the pre-Raphaelites raised their standard at the voice of literary men, while the Realists are the school in France who revolted against the dicta of the *littérati*. It would have been more correct to say that the pre-Raphaelites themselves belonged to the literary fraternity. They have, we are told, "great pretensions to poetry—to *bourgeois* poetry, that is—and to the domestic drama, where nature and passion are combined." In justification of this dictum, M. Merimée enters into a rather lengthy description of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Awakened Conscience"—praising its "remarkable qualities of execution," but intimating that it does not tell its story with sufficient distinctness. We must say that, admitting how open this very able painting may be to comment in various aspects, the very last point on which we should conceive it censurable is its not expressing its own meaning with the most undeniable plainness. However this may be, M. Merimée considers that this picture gives a pretty just idea of the tendencies of the pre-Raphaelites—

Meditative habits, a taste for research, a claim to depth mixed with much inexperience. The company of men of letters has been, I think, prejudicial to them; for it is, I imagine, after having composed a romance in their head that they take up their pencils.

We cannot consider that, as thus stated, there would be anything to object to in such a practice. All great painters must have conceived archetypal narratives to account for their groupings. But, as further explained, we imagine that what is really implied is that the new school crowds and complicates its ideas too much, and endeavours in one representation to raise a variety of emotions greater than it can legitimately contain.

After a rapid analysis of the charges which M. Merimée asserts that the pre-Raphaelites bring against their predecessors, he sums up what he considers their chief defect in the one word "inexperience:"—

Very probably, with time and success, the rigorism which the new school preaches will gradually relax itself. Puritanical exaggerations only exist for a period—that of the struggle. Our romanticists, who treated Racine as an ass, have made the *amende honorable* to him, since it has been conceded to them that Shakespeare was a great genius; and I do not despair of one day seeing the pre-Raphaelites admiring Raphael.

M. Merimée considers that the school has earned solid claims to gratitude from having remodelled the system of studies in England, and "reinstated drawing, long neglected, in honour, to form henceforward a solid basis of education." He expatiates strongly on the benefit of the study of design as regards the improvement of art-manufactures. He finds in this the secret of the success of French workmen, "who are not more adroit than the Germans or the English;" while in France draughtsmen are so abundant, that General Carbuccia found among his soldiers a body of artists capable of drawing the antiquities which he discovered on his Algerian expeditions:—

The case is not yet the same in England, but I have no doubt that in a few years hence a complete revolution will have been effected, thanks to the able measures taken to extend instruction through all classes, and particularly among the workmen of the great manufacturing towns. The administration occupies itself at present with the greatest solicitude to direct this movement, and a rich and intelligent aristocracy second it by subscriptions and encouragements of all sorts—

and, better than by subscriptions, as M. Merimée observes, by the self-denying loan of their treasures to the great Manchester Exhibition.

M. Merimée also finds a hopeful prospect for the artistic future of England in the permanent exhibition at Sydenham, holding out as it does the perpetual sight of forms of beauty to the pleasure-seekers who frequent it—just as the national taste for music in Germany is fostered by the frequent occasions of enjoyment which the popular habits of that country afford. The system of instruction pursued in the Museum at South Kensington finds also great favour in his eyes; and it is with much pleasure that he selects for particular commendation the collection of models deposited there by the Architectural Museum. At the same time, he cannot help remarking upon the very miscellaneous appearance of the objects brought together in that building. The originality and eclecticism of the English system arrest M. Merimée's attention. Several of the prize designs of the students exhibit much imagination, but, at the same time—

They possess a surprising strangeness, which is only found in England. It is true that we French are perhaps more sensible than other people to this fault, because we are habituated to a certain classical regularity by everything which surrounds us. There is nothing similar in England. There have never been among the artists of that country classicists and romanticists; and, to our great scandal, the professors make their pupils study, at one time the Parthenon, and then a Gothic church, and even an Arabian mosque.

M. Merimée somewhat unfairly refers to the steeple of Nash's Church in Langham-place—a work of more than thirty years' standing—as an example of the ill results of this eclecticism. At the same time he comes to the conclusion that the absence of all system is better than the over-exclusive teaching of France. At all events it would be so for the higher class of artists, whether painters, sculptors, or architects, from the indirect food which it affords to the imagination—that great source of æsthetic inspiration. For art-workmen, however—from which class the pupils at South Kensington are mostly selected—something more of method might be desirable. M. Merimée fully anticipates a transformation in English industry, and he earnestly contends that it will become necessary for France to increase her exertions, and not to spare money in order to maintain that pre-eminence which he patriotically considers she has hitherto possessed.

We have thus endeavoured to bring before our readers the aspect of our art movement as it presents itself to the eyes of an intelligent and friendly foreigner, who has acquired an unquestioned right to speak on æsthetic subjects. Without committing ourselves to M. Merimée's views, we shall find much matter for useful reflection in his free-spoken criticisms.

#### MUSIC.

##### ENGLISH OPERA.

FOR more than a century the Italian Opera has been naturalized and become a permanent institution amongst us, while English Opera has enjoyed but a fitful existence, and has never been able to establish itself upon a firm and enduring basis. Its revival from time to time is the dream of native composers and musicians, who naturally feel aggrieved by the encroachments of foreign competitors, and who lay to the charge of the public an unjust disregard of the talents of their own countrymen. Whether this accusation be with or without foundation, we will not stop to inquire. In the presence of such a formidable competition as the Continent affords, the maintenance of a permanent English operatic company must always be uphill work. But it is certain that the public are never slow to recognise genuine ability whenever it appears; and any well-organized attempt, by a competent body of English singers and musicians, to present operas of English origin—or, at any rate, in

an English dress—is sure to be met by an encouraging support. In opening the Lyceum Theatre for a three months season, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have laid the foundation of success in securing the services of an orchestra formed from among the best musicians in London, who are under the most efficient conduct of Mr. Alfred Mellon. The result is a perfection of orchestral accompaniment hardly to be surpassed, and the first and indispensable condition of a really good operatic performance is fulfilled. Miss Louisa Pyne, for perfection of vocal execution, must now be ranked among the first artists of the day. Her voice is in the very zenith of its beauty, unimpaired by use, and improved rather than otherwise by incessant practice. Mr. Harrison is much the same as of yore, not entirely rid of objectionable nasal peculiarities, but with the same ballad-singing aptitudes which formerly made him so great a popular favourite, and with improvement in stage practice. His voice seems liable to go flat at times, and he relies much upon an extended range of falsetto notes. Occasionally his higher chest notes are produced with a beautiful ringing clearness; but these efforts do not often occur. The operas hitherto produced, besides the new work of Mr. Balfe, of which we are about to speak presently, are Wallace's *Maritana*, Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, *Norma*, and *Il Trovatore*. The two latter are a mistake—the encroachment upon Italian confines is a misguided policy. *Maritana* was well got up, and perhaps as well played and sung as it has ever been. The *Crown Diamonds* affords ample scope for the exhibition of the powers of Mr. Mellon's orchestra, and we have never heard the delicate and beautiful music in which it abounds more delightfully played. In the vocal *tours de force*, which fall to the lot of the *prima donna* in this piece, Miss Pyne completely took the public by storm. Her performance of the celebrated Rode's air is not inferior to that of any of the vocalists who have chosen these difficult variations for the exhibition of their volubility and neatness of execution.

The great affair of the season, however, is the new opera from the pen of Mr. Balfe, which has proved perfectly successful. The *Rose of Castille*, dramatically speaking, is not worth analysis. How it came by its title we are at a loss to divine. It is the story of a Queen of Leon, who, in a very improbable manner, is won and wedded by the King of Castille, under the disguise of a muleteer, to the discomfiture of an usurping cousin, who has designs upon the throne of Leon. To the improbabilities of the story we have not the least objection to make. The comic opera, like the Aristophanic comedy, is none the worse for being a tissue of improbabilities or impossibilities, provided, however, the personages do and say things in themselves amusing. The libretto of the *Rose of Castille* is, however, of the weak washy school of which during the last fifteen years we have had, alas! too many examples. It is the more to the credit of the composer that he has found means to engraft some fun and dramatic effect upon this trash. The concerted pieces form the largest and the best part of the opera, and the few cut and dried ballads, introduced for the sake of the publishers of popular songs, might be omitted without damage. One absurd instance of this kind of interpolation is a ballad, by no means bad in itself, and well sung, moreover, by Mr. Weiss, in the person of Don Pedro, the conspirator and would-be usurper, but which could only be put with propriety into the mouth of an imprisoned patriot.

The overture, based principally upon subjects which afterwards recur in the piece, does not present much that is remarkable; but on the rise of the curtain, a very lively chorus of Spanish peasants commences, at the close of which Elvira, the Queen of Leon (Miss Pyne), disguised as a country girl, attended by Donna Carmen (Miss Susan Pyne), a maid of honour in the costume of a boy, appear upon the scene, and beg the hospitality of the villagers, in a very polite duet. This request is answered by an invitation to dance; when the two strangers declare, to the astonishment of their hosts, that they never dance. The next proposal is therefore for a song, which the Queen complies with by singing a "scherzo," without words—an astonishing little bit of execution, which is accompanied by the chorus, with murmurs of admiration *sotto voce*. The villagers, becoming now rather disagreeable in their attentions, are interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Harrison, as Manuel the Muleteer, in fact, the King of Castille in disguise. The ballad, "I am a simple muleteer," accompanied with the cracks of a formidable whip, is of the class which tells upon an English audience, and is invariably followed by an encore. After the disguised King and Queen have improved their acquaintance in a duet, Don Pedro (Mr. Weiss), with his attendant conspirators, Don Sallust (Mr. St. Albyn) and Don Florio (Mr. G. Honey) appear upon the stage. The last is the comic personage of the drama—a mixture of vanity and stupidity—and Mr. G. Honey throws considerable fun into the character throughout. The three conspirators are puzzled at the resemblance of the country girl to the Queen of Leon, and a capital quartet follows, and a rondo is introduced, "Oh, were I the Queen of Spain," in which Miss Pyne's extreme facility of execution is again brought into play.

In the second act, the Queen, now in her regal garb, sings a sentimental and comparatively simple ballad, eulogistic of private life and a convent. Miss Pyne's singing of this agreeable melody is in reality perfect, and will doubtless delude hundreds of young ladies into the idea that nothing can be easier than to sing it. A duet and trio, in which Manuel, the muleteer, charges the

Queen and her maid of honour with wandering in the disguise of a rustic maid and boy, although not devoid of a certain coarseness, is still so ingeniously contrived as to be perhaps the most telling piece in the opera. The horror of the Duchess of Calatrava (Miss Prescott) at this extravagant breach of court etiquette is, under all circumstances, not unnatural. The scene in which Don Pedro calls upon Don Florio to produce the supposed peasant maid who had been confided to his safe keeping, but had mysteriously managed to escape, is another piece of genuine fun. The stentorian power of Mr. Weiss's voice is here exerted with droll effect, and the confusion and dismay of Don Florio are ludicrously played by Mr. G. Honey. Altogether the broad fun of the thing redeems the smallness of the wit supplied by the libretto. One more excellent scene occurs in this act, in which the supposed peasant develops her views of regal duties and rights, in a style alternating from the rustic to one more serious, and producing a decided sensation among the conspirators. We must leave our readers to find out for themselves how all these matters are woven into the plot, and how, in the last act, the conspirators are defeated, and the Queen of Leon gets the King of Castile for her husband instead of the Infant of that ilk. The piece, from beginning to end, is got up with conscientious care, and none of the subordinate parts are left to shift for themselves, but the smallest details are creditably filled up. The success we have only to add has been as unequivocal as it is deserved, and Mr. Balfe receives a nightly ovation, in addition to the usual calls for the principal performers. With so prosperous a beginning, we really hope to see English Opera make a decided stand. Some of Mr. Balfe's earlier operas would now come forth with all the freshness of novelty.

**M. JULLIEN** has returned to the scene of some of his most successful campaigns—Her Majesty's Theatre; and, with his "British Army" Quadrille, he rouses each night the military ardour of promenaders. If music can make soldiers, certainly Jullien has deserved well of England during her late crisis; and now our indefatigable Tyrtæus has another excitement in store—the "Fall of Delhi," a grand descriptive composition, which is in active preparation.

M. Jullien has of late adopted the plan of giving selections or fragments of classical music, instead of entire compositions, except, indeed, on the special nights devoted to particular composers. Thus we get only an andante from a symphony, instead of the symphony itself. Although this proceeding is, in the eyes of some, little less than sacrilege, we are disposed to defer to the judgment of Jullien as to its policy. Profound attention may be obtained for a single *morceau* from those who might be weary in following a long classical composition throughout.

Middle, Jetty Treffz, great in simple national songs, is M. Jullien's vocalist for the present. We heard her sing "Home, sweet home," very charmingly on Thursday evening, and liked it even better than "Vedrai carino," which preceded. M. Jullien is surrounded by a staff of able soloists—Lavigne, Collinet, Pratten, Phillips, Sonnenberg, Cioffi; and his band is, as usual, in a state of perfect discipline. A solo on the oboe, on Thursday evening, by M. Lavigne, was, to our thinking, a little too much spun out. The reedy tone of the instrument, however agreeable for a short time, and when used in contrast with others, becomes wearisome if prolonged.

## REVIEWS.

### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**MANIFOLD** as are the aspects under which the great Bishop of Meaux may be regarded, there is one feature of his character which the best of his critics have uniformly regarded as the key to his genius and the secret of his popularity. We allude to his practical good sense—a quality arising, it may be presumed, from the clearness with which his eagle-eye discerned at a glance the main elements and bearings of every question which came under his notice. It is to this *bon sens*, which both possessed in such ample measure, that we must attribute the ascendancy which Bossuet and Voltaire respectively won over their contemporaries. While others were busying themselves about the husk, they pounced upon the kernel. In an age conspicuous for its devotion to religious topics, Bossuet kept himself alike clear from the assaults of doubt and the yet more dangerous delusions of mystical asceticism. If at any time we should have suspected him of departing from this even tenour, it would have been in his relations as "director" with those who came under his spiritual charge. This is an aspect of Bossuet with which few are familiar. The *Lettres Spirituelles* of Fénelon have long held a recognised place in French literature; but the *Lettres Spirituelles* of Bossuet are buried in the voluminous *recueil* of his works, and the reader is little inclined to ransack some forty volumes in order to pick out the letters to a Sœur Cornuau, whose very existence, but for them, would never have been known to him. It is this collection of letters, along with the *Traité de la Concupiscence*, which M. de Sacy has selected for the

two new volumes\* of the elegant *Bibliothèque Spirituelle* which he has undertaken to edit. Those who are even superficially acquainted with the history of Bossuet's public career will be somewhat surprised to learn that during four-and-twenty years of the busiest period of his life he kept up a regular correspondence with an obscure *religieuse*, quieting her doubts, checking her vagaries, and solving her difficulties. When we compare this correspondence with the *Lettres Spirituelles* of the good Archbishop of Cambrai, we have no difficulty in understanding how Bossuet got the best of it in the famous feud on *Quietism*. Learning, piety, eloquence—all these Fénelon possessed in a degree scarcely inferior to Bossuet. But the good sense of the Bishop of Meaux, impervious to the seductions of the emotions or the imagination, turned the balance in his favour. As M. de Sacy well remarks, with reference to the *Lettres* of the two prelates—"Pour être gouverné utilement par Fénelon, il fallait avoir presque autant d'esprit que Fénelon lui-même. Le paysan le plus grossier se serait aussi bien trouvé de la direction de Bossuet que les sœurs du Duc de Chevreuse." The coldness, verging upon harshness, with which Bossuet rebukes the mystical and ascetic tendencies of the Sœur Cornuau is, to say the least of it, an instructive and seasonable lesson for the French clergy of the nineteenth century. We almost regret the great *luxe* with which these exquisite little volumes are got up; for it is much to be desired that such wholesome stuff were widely circulated, in order to neutralize the bad effects of the deleterious trash current under the head of religious literature. It must be remembered, however, that the modern French Church considers Bossuet a bit of a heretic.

Never, perhaps, has so large an amount of information on Spain, and of elegant criticism on the habits of thought peculiar to the Peninsula, been put together in such an execrable shape as by the late M. Salvandy, in his *Don Alonso*†. First published in 1824, on the author's return from that country, it is an astounding fact that the work has since gone through six editions. The one now before us was passing through the press at the time of his death; and if, on the one hand, we have to congratulate ourselves that he lived to complete an epilogue which brought down the contemporary history of Spain twenty years nearer our own day, on the other we have to regret that the work has been given to the world without a new preface, in which we doubt not M. Salvandy would have taken occasion to embody some of those luminous views on the political condition of his country which made him famous among the publicists of France. There is something very touching in the short note—"il me fallait huit jours de plus!" which his sons found written on the margin of the manuscript. Our readers will readily understand our objections to the form which M. Salvandy has selected for setting forth his views on Spain, when we state that the work is a history, a novel, a book of travels, a review, and a political pamphlet, all in one. In fact, the only way in which we can account for the success with which so strange an attempt has been crowned, is in the circumstance that every one has found something to his taste. Everything by turns and nothing long, *Don Alonso* is a perfect enigma to the reader. He never knows what is fact, and what is fable. The author, indeed, styles his work "un monument élevé par les mains de la Fiction à la Vérité;" but what would be thought of an architect who should unite in one building the features of a pagoda, a cathedral, a Parthenon, and a railway terminus? Still, we doubt not that the elegant language and pretty "bits" with which *Don Alonso* abounds will secure to this edition, improved and augmented as it is, the same favour that has been shown to its predecessors. One fact we gather from these volumes which is certainly new to us—namely, that ever since the Reform Bill, England has been engaged in erasing, line by line, "ce code natif et essentiel, que la main divine a gravé dans le cœur des hommes." (ii. 560.)

On receiving the new volume of Didot's *Biographie Générale*,‡ which ranges from Goertz to Greville, the first name we turned to, as a kind of crucial test, was Goethe. We were glad to find that it had been confided to a man competent, beyond all other Frenchmen, to do justice to so great a theme. Readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will not need to be told that M. Saint René-Taillandier, the writer in question, stands alone in France for his intimate knowledge and genial appreciation of German literature. This character he amply sustains in the article before us, which is full of that succinct detail and sober criticism so desirable in a Biographical Dictionary. A very full and interesting article on Goldoni, which shows that Italian literature is as well cared for as that of Germany, is followed by an account of Goldschmidt—a name great in the astronomical world. Goldschmidt was a painter, a pupil of Cornelius and Schnorr. His attention was first turned to astronomy in 1847 by attending a lecture of Leverrier's on eclipses. He left the lecture-room with the *Achilles* on his lips; and it was from his studio that he discovered, last September, his ninth planet. His labours have been rewarded by the Académie des Sciences with the

\* *Lettres de Piété et de Direction écrites à la Sœur Cornuau*, par Bossuet; suivies du *Traité de la Concupiscence*, par le même; et précédées d'un Préface par M. Silvestre de Sacy, Membre de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: Techener. London: Jelfs. 1857.

† *Don Alonso ou l'Espagne*, Histoire Contemporaine. Par N. A. de Salvandy, de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: Didot. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. Publiée par MM. Firmin Didot, Frères. Tome xxi. Paris: Didot. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

grand prix d'Astronomie. Then follows an article on our English Goldsmith, of whose *Vicar of Wakefield*, we are told, there exist at least nine French translations. The articles on the Gracchi repudiate the false and calumnious views which long prevailed respecting the famous Agrarian laws, and restore those two martyrs to their proper place as sagacious reformers. One of the most learned articles in this volume is that on Gregory of Nyssa, by M. Aubé. The views ascribed to him on the Eternity of Punishments, and the Pantheistic sentiments adduced from his writings, make us hesitate before we endorse the statement in the *Dictionary of Biography* edited by Dr. Smith, that, as a pillar of orthodoxy, he was only inferior to his brother Basil, and his friend, Gregory of Nazianzen. This article would of itself suffice to bring the *Biographie Générale* into the *Index Expurgatorius*—an honour which we doubt not it has long since met with.

M. Duplessis has given us a work\* of great value to the historian of art or the collector of engravings. Its interest to the general reader is of a very mixed character; for although the first hundred pages of the first volume, which comprise the *Memoirs of J. G. Wille, graveur du Roi*, are exceedingly amusing, it requires a considerable amount of perseverance to wade through the shoals of insignificant details that fill up a large part of the *Journal*, which unfortunately occupies about nine times the space of the *Memoirs*. We have the greatest respect for the talent and character of Wille, but on that very account we could have dispensed with such information concerning him as the following:—"Our hung beef has just arrived from Hamburg." "I dined at my son's, in company with the Comte de Marensac, &c. We had an excellent truffled turkey, and some of our choukroute, or *sauerkraut*, to call it by its real German name;" and again on the following day—"wrote to thank Mr. So-and-so for his game pie." We confess we think it is a grievous wrong to a man's memory to rake up for publication a host of trumpery details which were evidently never intended to see the light. M. Duplessis would have done better service to his readers if he had weeded out all such worthless matter, and put succinctly together all that was really valuable to the art-collector. We wish it to be understood that these remarks only apply to the *Journal*, which is very nauseous. Unfortunately, all that has been discovered of the *Memoir* stops short at the year 1743, when Wille was only twenty-eight years old. This history, however, of his youthful struggles is a brilliant chapter in the annals of genius. One of the most interesting features in his life is his intimacy with Greuze. Our own engraver, Byrne, was one of his pupils. He mentions interviews with Strange and Boydell, and with another Englishman, whose alleged name is Silvain, and his status M.P. He went off with a portfolio of Wille's engravings, whereupon the latter jots down the pithy remark: "Je consens que des amateurs restent dans leur île." Has not the editor misread the manuscript when he speaks of an "anglais nommé Grætfleed" (ii. p. 70)? Valuable and learned notes elucidate obscure points in the history of art.

M. Bouillet, the editor of the philosophical works of Bacon, Cicero, and Seneca, and of the two very popular *Dictionaries* which bear his name, has recently given us the first volume of a translation of the *Enneades* of Plotinus,† accompanied by elaborate notes, elucidatory of the great Neo-Platonician. One glaring defect strikes the reader as soon as he opens the volume. There is no Greek text. The omission is significant of the low state of Greek scholarship in France. But we trust M. Bouillet will think better of it, and will add a fourth volume of text, accompanied by various readings. A text combining what was best in Creuzer and Kirchhoff would be of great service to the scholar. Waiving this objection, we can speak highly of M. Bouillet's performance. Frenchmen bring to the consideration of philosophical subjects a clearness of exposition which contrasts most favourably with what we meet with in German writers. Let any one, for example, compare the account of the doctrines of the *Enneades*, by the learned Bonn Professor, in the *Dictionary of Biography*, with that which M. Bouillet gives us at page 320, &c., and he will not hesitate for a moment in awarding the palm to the Frenchman. The objects proposed, and the results arrived at in the *Notes et éclaircissements* are thus summed up by M. Bouillet in his preface:—"En résumé, détermination plus précise du véritable caractère de l'école Néoplatonicienne et indication des sources où elle a puisé, reconnaissance de la valeur propre attribuée à Plotin par les anciens et de son importance historique, appréciation plus exacte de ses rapports avec le Christianisme, utilité de la connaissance de ses écrits et de ses doctrines pour l'intelligence des philosophes antérieurs et des écrivains postérieurs, soit païens, soit chrétiens, tels sont quelques-uns des résultats auxquels conduit l'étude des *Enneades* et des documents que nous avons recueillis." The preface is followed by a notice of all existing editions, translations, &c., of Plotinus. Then we have a translation of Porphyry's *ἀποφαισις πρὸς τὰ νοητά* and of other passages from the same writer, and from Ammonius and

Numenius in elucidation of the *Enneades*. These translations, let us observe in passing, are from the pen of M. Eugène Levesque. The prologomena are fitly wound up by Porphyry's life of Plotinus, and then we break ground in the *Enneades*, of which only the first two, with the commentaries, are contained in this volume. We trust that M. Bouillet's undertaking may be carried on with the same zeal and learning as are manifested in its commencement. Armed with this translation, and with the works of Jules Simon and of Vacherot on the Alexandrian school, the student has everything he can require to make himself master of one of the most interesting periods of ancient philosophy, by reason of its more immediate contact with Christianity.

M. Patin's *Études sur les Tragiques Grecs*,\* which first appeared in 1841, have for some time been out of print. Their author has employed the interval in preparing a new and improved edition which has just been given to the world in four volumes of Hachette's *Bibliothèque Variorum*. As these *Études*, on their first publication, became at once a standard work on the "Theatre of the Greeks," we need only call attention to the fact of their being reprinted, M. Patin has done his best to reconcile the claims of sound scholarship with the character of a popular work for the general reader. For this end it is obvious that a Frenchman has ample materials at his disposal than either an Englishman or a German; for, the classical drama of France having so much in common with that of Greece, the public of that country are more disposed to listen to disquisitions which in England are seldom attended to outside a college lecture-room. M. Patin has made a lavish use of the productions of German scholars down to the current year. The work, in fact, would have its value were it merely as a repository of all that has been written on the Greek drama. The first volume opens with a history of the whole subject, the remainder being occupied with analyses of the extant plays of Æschylus—each play being compared with others on the same subject, either ancient or modern. The second volume treats in like manner of Sophocles, and the remaining two of Euripides; and the whole is wound up with a history of the criticisms of which the Greek tragedians have been at various periods the theme.

M. Milne-Edwards has made an important contribution to the scientific literature of France by the publication of his lectures at the Faculté des Sciences on the Physiology and Comparative Anatomy of the Animal Kingdom.† The first two volumes are now before us. The first six lectures—including an introductory one on the plan of the entire course, and on the Tendencies of Nature in the Constitution of Animals—treat of the blood considered in an isolated state. The lecturer then passes on to the relations which exist between that fluid and atmospheric air—relations which comprise one of the most important functions of animal life, to wit, respiration. To this subject the remaining thirteen lectures are devoted. The first part of the third volume, comprising the history of the circulation of the blood, will be published next February. It is this historical treatment adopted throughout by M. Milne-Edwards which renders the work of peculiar value to the general reader, who is thereby enabled to follow, step by step, the successive discoveries which have led to that general acquiescence in the received facts of physiology, the grounds of which he might otherwise find it difficult to apprehend. Extremely curious is the eighteenth lecture, on the changes effected during respiration in the chemical composition of the air. The experiments and calculations which have from time to time been entered on by various physiologists—such as Prout, Lehmann, and Vierordt—with the view to determine the amount of carbonic gas exhaled, and the modifications to which that amount is liable under certain conditions, are all laid before us with a perspicuity and elegance not always met with in treatises of this nature. We trust the remaining volumes may follow at short intervals. The usefulness of the work will otherwise be materially impaired; especially as M. Milne-Edwards constantly refers to subsequent portions of his lectures for the elucidation of topics embraced in the two volumes already published.

M. J. Francis Churchill‡ has just published a work which is calculated to cause some sensation in the medical and scientific world. He announces that he has discovered the immediate cause and specific remedy of pulmonary consumption. We are informed that in 1855, while practising at the Havannah, the idea occurred to him that the tubercular diathesis was owing to a disturbance in some one of the primordial functions of the human economy, and more especially in the deficiency of some one of the inorganic elements of the blood. He fixed upon phosphorus as the element in question, and as he conceived this to exist in the system "at a state of oxidation inferior to that of phosphoric acid," he fixed upon hypophosphate of lime as his specific. For more detailed reasons for this selection, the reader must go to the work itself. He commenced his treatment in March, 1856, and in the following spring, after a twelvemonth's experience, returned to Europe. He complains with considerable bitterness

\* *Memoirs et Journal de J. G. Wille, Graveur du Roi*. Publiés d'après les Manuscrits et Autographes de la Bibliothèque Impériale, par Georges Duplessis; avec une Préface par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. 2 vols. Paris: Plon. London: Jeffs. 1857.

† *Les Enneades de Plotin*. Traduite pour la première fois en Français, par M. N. Bouillet, Conseiller Honoraire de l'Université. Tome I. Paris: Hachette. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

\* *Études sur les Tragiques Grecs*. Par M. Patin, de l'Académie Française, Professeur de Poésie Latine à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Deuxième Édition. 4 vols. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1857.

† *Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux*, faites à la Faculté des Sciences de Paris, par M. Milne-Edwards. Tome I. Paris: Victor Masson. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *De la Cause Immédiate et du Traitement Spécifique de la Phtisie Pulmonaire et des Maladies Tuberculeuses*, par J. F. Churchill, D.M.P. Paris: Victor Masson. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

of the obstacles thrown in his way both in Paris and London, when he endeavoured to try the success of his treatment in the hospitals. Last July, he submitted a Memoir, giving an account of his theory to the Académie Impériale de Médecine. Having ascertained that there was small probability of the Commission making any *rapport*, either for or against his doctrine, he resolved to address himself to the public. Since his return to Europe he has endeavoured to make himself acquainted with treatises anterior to and independent of his own discovery, which are calculated to throw light on, or otherwise corroborate, the principles set forth in the Memoir.

Our readers will be glad to learn that M. Babinet has added a fourth volume to the three already published on *Les Sciences d'Observation*.<sup>\*</sup> The condition of the earth before geological epochs—the internal constitution of the terrestrial globe—rain and inundations—astronomy in 1855—the seasons in the planets—the applications of transcendental mathematics, à propos of Lord Brougham's analytical view of the *Principia*—life at different ages of the earth—and mineral waters—such are the themes which M. Babinet handles with his well-known ability. We do not know a better handbook than these volumes for any one who wishes to keep himself *au fait* with the most recent discoveries of the particular sciences therein embraced. At p. 116, the reader will find an account of the meteorological causes of the severe inundations in France last year. By far the most interesting *Etude* in the volume is that on transcendental mathematics.

Foremost amongst the works of light literature to be noticed, must be placed M. Michelet's *L'Insecte*—a work as full of fine feeling, eloquent language, and indifferent zoology as anything Michelet ever wrote.<sup>†</sup> It is evident that the studies of human character in which the historian has of necessity been engaged, have so soured his nature that he has been driven to the lower orders of creation to find a field for the unchecked indulgence of all his generous sympathies. Ants and spiders, wasps and bees, seem to occupy, in M. Michelet's estimation, a far higher place than the lord of the creation.

The reader may remember that the last time we had occasion to speak of M. Arsène Houssaye, we were compelled to use strong language of censure. We are glad now to make the *amende honorable* by calling attention to a new and much improved edition of his very beautiful poems.<sup>‡</sup> Love—Art—Nature—such are the three undying themes of song into which the *recueil* is divided. The poem entitled *Béranger à l'Académie*, in which the *chansonnier* is represented as stating his reasons for refusing to be a Member of the Institute, is one of the most successful pieces of imitation we have ever met with. So much so, indeed, that Béranger is reported to have accosted the author with—*Cette chanson est elle de vous ou de moi?* We take the anecdote from a very sprightly and interesting account of M. A. Houssaye prefixed to this volume, from the pen of M. Théodore de Bauville. From the same quarter we extract a story creditable to the good sense of the Emperor. Just after the *coup d'Etat*, and on the very day that Victor Hugo went into exile, A. Houssaye, as Director of the Comédie Française, had the courage to give a representation of *Marion Delorme*. As soon as it appeared on the *affiche*, M. Romieu sent word to the director that such a piece of bravado would entail his dismissal. Not so the Emperor, who in his turn intimated to M. Houssaye his intention to be present, and on his arrival at the Théâtre Française, requested that gentleman to accompany him to his box. With much tact, the Emperor was the first to applaud the political passages in the fourth act. Thrice he led the way; “et la troisième fois toute la salle se leva comme un seul homme pour applaudir en même temps celui qui croyait sauver la France et celui qui croyait la France perdue.” Heavy bets had been made that M. Houssaye would be dismissed. So far from it, he remained in office till 1856.

M. L. Enault, an old acquaintance, has given us a charming tale in Hachette's Railway Library.<sup>§</sup> The scene of *Christine* opens at Stockholm, and closes in the cemetery of Gothenburg; for there rest the remains of the Swedish heroine, Christine, Comtesse de Rudden, who had bestowed her purest, deepest affection on M. de Simiane, a French attaché at Stockholm, and who dies broken-hearted when she finds herself abandoned by the weak rather than vicious lover, for a vain, designing Russian coquette. There are some very beautiful creations of character in this book. We may mention, in particular, a certain baron whose quiet unostentatious devotion to the countess—though he knows his love will never be returned—is portrayed with great power. Admirable too is the contrast between the coquetry of the Russian flirt, and the true passion of the countess. The dialogue is spirited, the reflections interspersed throughout are anything but commonplace, and altogether the book makes us wish for more from the same pen.

We have another volume from Madame Reybaud, including two tales, *Faustine* et *Sydonie*.<sup>||</sup> The scene of *Sydonie* is laid in the

West Indies, and the pith of the story is the passion conceived by a negro for his master's daughter, who saved him when condemned to death. This at least opens a new vein, and prevents us from saying that Madame Reybaud has written or is writing herself out—an inference we should have been inclined to draw from the other tale, which turns, as heretofore, on pride of social status. Both of these stories are inferior to Madame Reybaud's earlier productions.

#### FOSS'S JUDGES OF ENGLAND.\*

MR. FOSS has published the fifth and sixth volumes of his *Judges of England*, bringing the work down to the beginning of the reign of Charles II. The fifth volume contains the legal history of the era of the Tudors; and the sixth, that of the times of the two first Stuarts, and the Commonwealth. It is a work of great erudition, and full of antiquarian interest. As a book of reference it will be very valuable; and the genealogical information it contains is so very full, and so many English families have been founded or made eminent by great lawyers, that there are sure to be many persons who will have occasion to consult its pages, or who will find a pleasure in doing so. For professional readers, there is to be found in these new volumes a great variety of curious matter connected with the history of the Courts at Westminster, the Peers of Court, and the privileges and usages of the legal profession. And the ordinary reader will find much assistance from Mr. Foss as a check and a guide when he is perusing other histories and biographies relating to the periods of which the author treats.

Lord Campbell affords abundant material for critics who go over the subjects he takes up; and Mr. Foss is often under the necessity of exposing the extraordinarily slight foundations on which the statements of the Chief-Justice rest. The two series of *Lives*, at any rate in their earlier portions, are certainly among the most curious works of the day, if all that Lord Campbell's commentators say is true. That a man of so high a reputation and so eminent a station—a man whose decisions as a judge will mark one of the epochs of English law—should think it worth while, in the evening of life, to sit down and calmly invent little biographical romances about persons whose names are forgotten by all but the legal antiquary, is certainly a very singular occurrence. And yet what are we to say? We read very amusing accounts in Lord Campbell's volumes of the early lives of the several Judges, and are much pleased and entertained with them. But then comes a critic like Mr. Foss, who, asking us to observe that his Lordship gives no references, tells us that all the authorities from which Lord Campbell might be supposed to have drawn are silent on the subject. Mr. Foss goes with great delight over the well-known ground of Sir Christopher Hatton's career; but as the controversy about that lively Chancellor is so familiar, we will not touch on it. A more striking instance, if possible, is to be found in Lord Campbell's account of the early life of Fitz-James, a Chief Justice during the time of Henry VIII. We will extract the paragraph referred to, that our readers may be able to judge of Mr. Foss's criticisms:—

We know more of the next Chief Justice, Sir John Fitzjames, but very little to his credit. Of obscure birth, and not brilliant talents, he made his fortune by his great good-humour, and by being at college with Cardinal Wolsey. It is said that Fitzjames, who was a Somersetshire man, kept up an intimacy with Wolsey when the latter had become a village parson in that county; and that he was actually in the brawl at the fair when his reverence, having got drunk, was set in the stocks by Sir Amyas Paulet.

While Wolsey tried his luck in the Church, with little hope of promotion, Fitzjames was keeping his terms in the Inns of Court; but he chiefly distinguished himself on gaudy days by dancing before the judges, playing the part of “Abbot of Misrule,” and swearing strange oaths—especially by St. Gillian, his tutelary saint. His agreeable manners made him popular with the “Readers” and “Benchers;” and, through their favour, although very deficient in “moots” and “bolts,” he was called to the outer Bar. Clients, however, he had none, and he was in deep despair, when his former chum—having insinuated himself into the good graces of the stern and wary old man, Henry VII., and those of the gay and licentious youth, Henry VIII.—was rapidly advancing to greatness. Wolsey, while almoner, and holding subordinate offices about the Court, took notice of Fitzjames, advised him to stick to the profession, and was able to throw some business in his way in the Court of Wards and Liveries.

On this Mr. Foss remarks as follows:—1. Sir John Fitz-James was not of obscure birth, as he was connected with several well-known families whose names Mr. Foss gives. 2. No evidence exists of the place of Fitz-James's early education, and Anthony Wood does not mention his having been at Oxford, although he gives a full account of his brother, a bishop. 3. There is no authority for any part of the story about the intimacy with Wolsey, or about his taking part in any brawl. 4. The whole of the sentence about Fitz-James dancing before the judges, and playing the part of Abbot of Misrule, is a pure invention. 5. As to Wolsey throwing business in his way in the Court of Wards and Liveries, that Court itself was instituted not only after the death of Wolsey, but after the death of Fitz-James. If Mr. Foss is right, and if Lord Campbell simply wrote about Fitz-James as a novelist writes about a fictitious character in a tale, the curiosities of literature have scarcely a parallel to exhibit to this wonderful piece of imaginative history.

As Lord Campbell, in this instance, merely states facts without

\* *The Judges of England*. By Edward Foss, F.S.A., of the Inner Temple. Vols. V. VI. London: Longmans, 1857.

\* *Etudes et Lectures sur les Sciences d'Observation*. Par M. Babinet, de l'Institut. Tome iv. Paris: Mallet-Bachelier. London: Jeffs. 1857.

† *L'Insecte*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ Arsène Houssaye: *Œuvres Poétiques*. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1858.

§ *Christine*. Par Louis Enault. Paris: Hachette (Bibl. du Chemin de Fer). London: Jeffs. 1858.

|| *Faustine et Sydonie*. Par Madame Ch. Reybaud. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1858.

giving any authority, all that can be done by a critic is to search every known source of information, and show that no grounds can be traced for his Lordship's statements. But with regard to this same Chief-Justice, Mr. Foss brings to our notice a curious and significant indication of the way in which Lord Campbell made his book, and it is one which any one may judge of by turning to the *State Trials*. Lord Campbell describes the trial of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; and though the Chief-Justice is not personally mentioned in any account of the proceedings, his Lordship makes him the spokesman on every occasion. Professing to quote verbatim from the *State Trials* the answers of the Court, he includes within the marks of quotation with which he cites them, the name of Chief-Justice Fitz-James, instead of the words which are actually used—viz., "some of the judges." Thus, for example, where the account of the trial tells us that some of the judges pronounced the word "maliciously," used in the indictment, to be superfluous, Lord Campbell gives it in the following form:—"Fitz-James, C.J.—'All my brethren are agreed that 'maliciously' is a term of art and an inference of law, not a qualification of fact.'" In relating the trial of Anne Boleyn, Lord Campbell pursues the same course. The authority says, "The judges complained of the form of the judgment." Lord Campbell, not only alters "the judges" into "Fitz-James, C.J.," but adds, within inverted commas, an argument as delivered by him on the occasion. Now, it happens that the whole of the proceedings against the unfortunate queen are preserved in the *Baga Secretis*, and from them Mr. Foss pronounces it manifest that Fitz-James was not present at all. His name does not occur in any of the writs; and Baldwin, the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, was the principal judge in all of them.

Another object for which we may naturally turn to these volumes, is to see whether they have any light to give us with respect to the trial of Anne Boleyn. Mr. Froude has recently revived this topic, and given it a new interest, not only by the power of his description and the charms of his style, but also by the strong manner in which he pronounces against the Queen's innocence. Among the principal grounds on which he bases his opinion are the names, the reputation, and the high character of the men who condemned her. A book like that of Mr. Foss's ought to give us some help in determining the validity of these objections. It affords us some means of estimating the characters of the judges who took part in the trial. All the nine judges of the Courts of Westminster, as well as the Chancellor Audley, were appointed members of the commission which tried the Queen's accomplices—the trial which virtually settles the question of her guilt—and whatever is known of these nine men is to be found in the pages of Mr. Foss. The Chancellor, Sir Thomas Audley, is painted in very black colours by Mr. Foss, and perhaps enough evidence exists to show that he has not been unjustly treated. Two years after the execution of Anne Boleyn, he asked for the grant of a rich abbey as a recompense for "the great damage and infamy he had sustained in serving the King." Baldwin, the Chief-Justice of the Pleas, was also enriched by the spoils of the church lands, and is mentioned slightly by Dyer. Fitz-James, the Chief of the King's Bench, is a person about whom Lord Campbell and Mr. Foss differ. But Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, then one of the Justices of the Pleas, is a man not only known to lawyers of the present day as a writer and a man of great learning, but is said to have been a scrupulous and pious man, and to have enjoined his children, on his deathbed, never to accept a grant or make a purchase of abbey lands; and he had displayed his courage by allowing bills for extortion against Wolsey while in the height of his power. Of the other judges nothing more is known beyond their genealogies and the dates of the steps of their professional advancement. The result, then, is, that of the legal members of the Commission there is only one of whom enough is known to make us believe that he would have preferred truth to his own advantage.

We must speak with the greatest distrust of any general conclusions about a time of which we know so little. The ordinary reader will in vain try to satisfy the doubts which the remarks and narratives of historians and biographers suggest to him. Lord Campbell, for instance, says that during the reign of Henry VIII. the judges were the creation of the Crown. Very possibly this is true; but when we ask for evidence, where is it? We read in Lord Campbell's *Lives*, that the conduct of Fitz-James at the trial of Fisher and More was atrocious. We wish that his Lordship had pointed out in what the atrocity consisted. Lord Campbell is so great a lawyer that his opinion on the conduct of a trial is almost final; but it does not appear on the face of the proceedings how Fitz-James was to blame. Fisher raised two points of law—that the indictment was wrong, and that two witnesses were necessary in a trial for treason. The report says that in both points the judges (or as Lord Campbell writes it, Fitz-James, C.J.) overruled the objection. Can there be a doubt that, technically, their opinion was correct? All that we know of the trial besides is that the facts were submitted to the jury, and a verdict of "guilty" was returned. It is hard to see how the judges were to blame. They did not institute the prosecution nor return the verdict. There is nothing to suggest that they bullied the witnesses or distorted the effect of the evidence. Then, again, if we turn to Lord Campbell's account of Fitz-James' successor, Montagu, we read that Lord Audley suggested to the King the expediency of appointing a man of fair reputation, who

at the same time would be likely to make himself agreeable to the King, and that accordingly Montagu was appointed. We also read that his opinion was asked at the time of the trial of Catharine Howard, whether, as the accused party was a Queen, the law would infer that she had committed adultery from facts which, in the case of a common person, would afford no such inference, and that he answered that the law would do so. It is not very clear that this answer was necessarily a dishonest one, but a conception may be gained of the difficulty of examining points of this sort when we find that in no common history is there an allusion to any such answer of the Chief-Justice, or to the reason of Lord Audley for appointing him, and that Mr. Foss, who ought to have examined every assertion of Lord Campbell, to see on what it rested, is entirely silent on both points. We do not mean to call in question the accuracy of Lord Campbell's statements, but we refer to them as an illustration of the great difficulty of finding out why the assertions contained in books we ordinarily trust to are made.

Mr. Foss himself gives frequent ground for complaint. He, too, often says, "a story is told," and "it is said," without giving any authority. The anecdote, for instance, of Fitzherbert's death-bed, to which we have alluded above, is supported by no authority. In the life of Fitzherbert, we are also told that "notwithstanding the disgust which the conviction of Fisher and More excited, Fitzherbert's reputation sustained no blemish, the world knowing that his being joined in the commission was an act that he could not prevent." This, again, rests on no quoted authority, and how are we to be sure that the men of that day thought anything of the sort, and that we ought not, in place of "the world knowing," to substitute "Mr. Foss guessing"? Sometimes Mr. Foss palpably substitutes conjecture for history. He tells us, for instance, that Audley the Chancellor received from the King a grant of the monastery of Walden, and was made a peer in 1538. Of his private life, of his last illness, or the circumstances of his death, nothing whatever is known. But Mr. Foss wishes to point a moral; so he goes on to say, that with all his riches and honours, he could never feel secure, and "the consciousness that the odious laws he had administered might be turned against himself, may most probably have brought on, only five years afterwards, that illness which terminated in his death." This is pure guess-work. There is no more reason to say that he died of fright than of anything else. Mr. Foss is a painstaking and an accurate man, and yet how little accuracy there is even in an accurate writer! It seems as if the tendency of the human mind to fill up the interstices of knowledge with fiction were insurmountable. If so, it is something that the fiction should be complete, coherent, and pleasant. Mr. Foss has written a book which is not readable except as a book of reference; but Lord Campbell's *Lives* form two of the most entertaining works in the language.

#### TIGER-SHOOTING IN INDIA.\*

MR. RICE'S account of his tiger-shooting experiences forms a very handsome and admirably illustrated volume. The prints, taken from the author's own sketches, are excellent. They are full of spirit, and supply the strongest proof of the intemperance with which Mr. Rice has studied the appearance of his enemy. In every print the tiger, as might be supposed, is the prominent figure; and whether he is charging, skulking, crouching, prowling, springing, or being carried off suspended from long poles resting on the shoulders of his conquerors, his bulk, savageness, and wonderful muscular strength are capitally delineated. The book itself, though it has many excellent points, is not so interesting as the pictures. It is an account of Mr. Rice's campaigns in the jungles of Rajpootana, between 1850 and 1854, and it faithfully details the death and wounding of all the tigers, panthers, and bears which during that period fell under his bullets.

There is, however, a sort of sameness about the different stories. When we have heard all about the death of the brave Gyas we feel somewhat indifferent to the struggles of the brave Cloanthus. But there is an honest, authentic, plain-spoken tone about the book which is very creditable to the author. He does not dilate upon his own courage, nor does he even fish for compliments about it. He frankly says, on the other hand, that he was often terribly frightened, and completely lost his presence of mind. It is impossible not to respect and like a man who triumphs over his readers so little; and there is something touching in the announcement in the preface, that whereas all Indian sporting stories are disbelieved in England, seven gentlemen, whose names and addresses are all given, will corroborate the author in his most important statements. We may notice with the highest commendation the fact that from one end of the book to the other, there is not a single joke or smart saying.

Notwithstanding the sameness of which we have complained, we derive from reading Mr. Rice's book a pretty full notion of the nature both of the sport and of the game which he pursued so eagerly. The peculiarity of his proceedings was, that he shot tigers as people in England shoot pheasants, and that he never but once mounted an elephant in pursuit of them. The method

\* *Tiger-shooting in India*; being an Account of Hunting Experiences on Foot in Rajpootana during the Hot Seasons from 1850 to 1854. By WILLIAM RICE, Lieutenant 25th Regiment Bombay N.I., and late Captain Turkish Contingent. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

is, we believe, a new one, though it is not so dangerous as it would appear to be at first sight. The season for tiger-hunting is during the hot weather, which prevails during April, May, and the early part of June. The rains, which continue for the next four months, make the jungles impassable; and for the remaining five the vegetation is so luxuriant as to produce the same result. Moreover, during the hot weather, the large game, tigers, bears, panthers, &c., are found to betake themselves to the jungles for shade, and are unable to travel to any great distance over the open country, because the hot stones and rocks burn their feet. Mr. Rice says that the effect of the sun on the stones is such that when a gun is laid down, it is necessary to put clothes or branches under it; and on one occasion a bear which had been forced to cross the open country for some distance, was found not only to have torn his feet very much, but to have almost detached the soles, notwithstanding their great thickness. The tiger ranges about during the night after his prey, and passes the day sleeping in the shade. It is then that the hunters seek him. Their method of proceeding is in principle precisely like cover-shooting in England. Some fifteen or twenty natives are collected, the chief of whom is the shikarree, or huntsman, who is expected to be able to follow up the trail of the game and to understand the different marks on the ground. He is closely followed by the sportsmen, who advance armed with double-barrelled rifles extending in front of them, as they bend down to examine the ground. Behind the sportsmen come the most trustworthy and courageous of the native followers, carrying spare guns, for each sportsman ought to have three at the very least. Last of all is a group of men, fifteen or twenty in number, hired from the neighbouring villages, whose duty it is to make all the noise they possibly can; for which purpose they are provided with horse pistols, loaded with powder only, kettle-drums, and a heavy bell, in addition to their own voices. Besides shouting, drumming, ringing, and firing, they have to throw stones in all directions into the cover, whilst some of their number ascend what trees there may be, in order to keep a look-out for the tigers. There are a variety of signs by which the presence of these animals in a jungle may be detected. Hares, partridges, peacocks, and monkeys, abound there. If several peacocks in different parts cry, as if in answer to each other, "h-a-u-k, h-a-u-k," the hopes of game are good; but if they rise in succession, crying, "tok-tok, tok-tok," there is no doubt upon the subject, unless, indeed, "a miserable wild cat" causes the uproar. It seems that very young tigers practise in the first instance upon peacocks, before they rise to eating bullocks and camels; and though, when he is old, the tiger forgets the peacocks, they remember him. Another sign is what is called the "swearing" of the monkeys. They never swear at deer or wild boar, but only at tigers, and as Mr. Rice's attendants observed, were never but once known to "tell lies." At night, the cry of the koleballoo, or worn-out jackal, is the surest proof of the tiger's presence. When these beasts are too old to hunt, they act as spies for the tiger, warning him of the whereabouts of stray cattle, and subsisting on the bones which are left for them.

When the tiger actually is found, the danger is by no means great. We cannot learn from any of Mr. Rice's stories that he is otherwise than a cowardly beast. The noise of the beaters almost always frightens him, and his great object is to creep away unperceived. Indeed, in many cases, Mr. Rice used to lie in ambush with his friends, leaving orders with the beaters to drive the tigers in the necessary direction. If, by any accident, the tiger was turned back upon the beaters, they could always check his charge by their noise. It must not, however, be supposed that this mode of tiger-hunting is free from risk. To say nothing of the necessity which exists for great nerve and presence of mind in taking aim, it is a very serious matter to follow up a wounded tiger. The beast will often creep into dens, under rocks or thick bushes, or crawl along in watercourses, keeping himself perfectly close until the party of beaters and sportsmen are close upon him, when he will spring out with a roar, and succeed in laying hold of some of them. On one occasion, a wounded tiger had thus hidden himself in a ditch till his enemies approached, when he sprang upon a Mr. Elliot, and tore him dreadfully about the arm and shoulder. Mr. Elliot warded off one blow from the beast's fore-paw with his rifle, but the creature's force was so great that it smashed the trigger and the guard flat upon the stock. One or two of Mr. Rice's own adventures show the dangers of the sport clearly enough. With a friend, named Little, he tracked a wounded tiger to a cave under a rock, and they both fired at once at his head. When the smoke cleared, the tiger was found lying on the ground with two holes in the skull, over the eyes. Whilst the sportsmen were examining him, Mr. Rice noticed a slight motion in his leg, and proposed to fire another shot into him, to which Mr. Little objected, for fear the skin should be spoilt. They agreed, at last, to fire into the creature's chest at the point where the first incision would be made in skinning it, and this was accordingly done; but the shot had the effect of instantly reviving the beast, who sprang upon his foes—Mr. Little taking refuge on a rock, and Mr. Rice, in his fright, rushing over the beaters who had come up to him. They were all on the ground together, but the tiger was so confused that, instead of taking advantage of the opportunity, he walked round and round his den roaring, and was finally shot by Mr. Little.

If the tiger were as courageous as the lion the task of hunting

him would be excessively dangerous, for his strength is terrible, and it takes an immense deal of trouble to kill him. He can knock down a bullock, or even a camel, and eat half of him at a meal. Hence he is a most destructive animal. One tiger shot by Mr. Rice was said by the people of the neighbouring village to have killed no less than forty people, yet the natives have a sort of respect for them, considering them "more or less sacred," and being unwilling to inform against them unless they turn "man eaters," which is looked upon as a breach of contract. One of these brutes employed the energies of no less than four sportsmen in his destruction, and twelve bullets were found in his body after his death.

Though Mr. Rice confines himself almost entirely to his wars with tigers, we find in his pages a certain number of facts of more general interest. Some of the peculiarities of the tiger are curious. His tongue, for example, is covered with points of hard flesh, which lie backwards, and with which he is able to file off the strips of flesh which remain upon the bones he has gnawed. He is not remarkable for parental instinct, for, says Mr. Rice, "on several occasions we noticed that on beating a cover the young tigers invariably first made their appearance, as if they had been sent on by the mother to draw our fire." He suggests, however, that perhaps the cubs are more easily alarmed. Tigers live about twenty years, and when old lose their stripes. The largest one that Mr. Rice shot measured about twelve feet six inches from the eye to the tip of the tail, but this was a monster. Eleven feet six inches was more common, and nine feet six inches not very small.

Some other beasts besides tigers are mentioned by Mr. Rice. Such, for example, are bears, which in India seem to be most harmless creatures, feeding on fruits, ants, and slugs. It is hard to understand how such a peaceable beast comes to be so formidably equipped with claws and teeth. The most pugnacious feat on the part of a bear recorded by Mr. Rice, is that of climbing a tree to eat the nests of wild bees. They hang down like large fruit twelve or eighteen inches long, and the beaters declared that they had seen the bears eat bees, wax, and honey altogether, with a total indifference to stings. Mr. Rice was not so fortunate, as he has to record several assaults on the part of "the confounded bees," as he always calls them, who invariably put him and his party to flight, making their stings felt through thick great-coats.

Sambur, or jungle deer, whose flesh is coarse though their leather is admirable, a few panthers, a lynx, and a mad dog, all figure in Mr. Rice's pages. He also condescended occasionally to shoot huge carp, called murrel fish, which sometimes are three feet long. The best of this sport is, that you need not hit the fish. It is enough to go near him, upon which he sinks to the bottom stunned. The worst of it is that the fisherman must go in after him and pull him out, groping in the mud with his hands and feet.

Mr. Rice mentions one or two facts about the natives themselves, which are interesting. He had a skirmish with a band of Dacoits or gang-robbers, and fired a shot which he believed wounded one of them. Soon afterwards, a thick smoke was seen, and the beaters told him that when one of the gang was wounded, his companions, as a matter of kindness, killed him, and then from policy burnt his body. The native chiefs are zealous, though inefficient sportsmen, and their jealousy of poachers gave Mr. Rice some trouble. He says that some of them preserve tigers—to the infinite disgust, no doubt, of the neighbouring villagers. He speaks very highly both of the fidelity and of the courage of his beaters. They belonged to the tribe of Bheels, who live in the woods, and are very active and hardy.

#### BOTANISTS AND THEIR METHOD.\*

CLASSIFICATION is an indispensable process. Under some rude form or other it has always existed, for it lies at the bottom of all language—*naming*, as every one knows, being merely the indication of resemblances. Classification is spontaneous, inevitable, indispensable; but it may be rude, instinctive, imperfect, or systematic and comprehensive. The better the classification the more will it aid us when we have need of it in presence of new objects. It is an instrument, and, like all other instruments, will execute its work well or ill, clumsily or accurately, in exact proportion to its own excellence. Yet, although from the dawn of science philosophers have occupied themselves in devising a system whereby classifications could be efficiently arranged, the simple plan of what is called the Natural Method is quite a modern conception; and even now that it is ostensibly adopted in Zoology and Botany, it is constantly set aside for the artificial method. In truth, although the idea of arranging animals and plants according to their organization is at once seductive and self-evident, yet, when we come to apply it, difficulties beset us on all sides, from our imperfect knowledge of organization. As a striking example, take the zoological classification of Cuvier. It professes to be founded on the principle of the *subordination des caractères*. Its dominant character is the nervous system—that system which has been called "the whole animal." Nothing can be more seductive than this idea

\* *Eloges Historiques*. Par P. Flourens. Seconde Série. Paris: 1857.

of arranging animals according to their nervous system, but who has done it? Who has attempted it? Not Cuvier, not even Owen, although he did mark out the general divisions of *Aerita*, *Nematoneura*, *Homogangliata*, and *Heterogangliata*, which Cuvier never thought of.

Plants, being of simpler structure than animals, admitted of an earlier application of the Natural Method; yet the conception of that method is not older than Bernard de Jussieu, whose life and labours M. Flourens has pleasantly recorded in his anecdotal, and somewhat coxcombical, style. Bernard, in his incessant study of plants, remarked that certain characters were more general than others, and therefore ought to furnish the primary divisions. Examining these successively, he found that the germination of the seed and the disposition of the sexual organs were the two principal and invariable characters. The first place belongs to the embryo, which is, as it were, the end and aim of vegetation. The second place belongs to the organs which concur in the formation of this embryo—that is to say, the stamens and pistils. Then come the organs which protect these—the parts of the flower, the fruit, or the seed; then the secondary modifications in these essential organs, considered separately; and finally the organs of vegetation which concern the individual life alone. Before Bernard de Jussieu, the characters of a plant were counted. Since Bernard, they have been estimated, for he has taught us that they have unequal values—one of the first order being equivalent to several of the second, and so on. According to the law of correlation, so much insisted on by Cuvier, a superior character implies the existence of its inferiors—and that, too, in definite proportions and constant connexions; so that we need only the assurance of one character to be able to reconstruct the whole animal or plant. The triumph of this system is seen in the reconstruction of extinct animals, when a single bone is all that the anatomist has before him—as in the case of the *Dinornis*, reconstructed by Owen. Fontenelle, praising the classification of Tournefort, instances the fact that twelve hundred new species, the existence of which had not been suspected, found their places in it. But, as M. Flourens remarks, what would he have said to the classification of Jussieu, wherein nearly fifty thousand new species, unknown at the time Jussieu wrote, have found their places, "et presque partout une place indiquée d'avance, une place où on les attendait."

The history of this Method is told by M. Flourens in detail; and we assure all lovers of gossiping science that they will find his volume a very pleasant as well as instructive companion. An occasional smile, gently breaking into a laugh, against the author, will not interfere with their good understanding. The fopperies of M. Flourens are harmless—his clearness, ease, and conciseness are admirable. Twelve celebrated botanists have their memoirs written in this small volume; and these memoirs will charm the botanical reader, while they will perhaps inspire the unbotanical with a desire to emulate these glories of France. One thing must be noted in the lives of these men—the serenity, the happiness, which, in spite of all adverse circumstances, seems to radiate from their pursuit. Moreover, they are very long-lived, which seems to indicate good health, as well as calm content. Careless of the goods and honours of this world—except when honours assume the Academic form, and then they are eagerly coveted—absorbed by their studies, and lured by the hope of discovering a new species more than by any mundane temptations, these happy men yield up their lives to science with a passionate zeal which is "its own exceeding great reward." Let us glance for a moment at the career of the impetuous Du-Petit-Thouars, brother of the famous sailor of that name who perished so gloriously at Aboukir. Botany is a peaceful study; and botanists are usually thought to be old fogies, without affections or sympathies—men who would

Peep and botanize upon a mother's grave.

But Du-Petit-Thouars, the descendant of a noble family, inherited the chivalrous and daring spirit of his race, with an independence which he pushed to extravagance. At college, he learned whatever was not presented to him as a lesson, and rebelled against whatever formed part of the course of instruction. On entering the army, he was garrisoned at Lille, and there, "n'éprouant plus la contrariété d'être enseigné, je fis de rapides progrès." Perhaps the very difficulties of pursuing his botanical studies while in garrison rendered his passion for botany more intense. Suddenly he formed the resolution of quitting everything to undertake the search after La Perouse, whose fate then held France in suspense, as Franklin's does Europe now. Unable to get a national subscription for this project, he and his brother, the sailor, sold their patrimony, and equipped a vessel at their own expense. In July, 1792, they quitted Paris for Brest, where the vessel lay ready. They travelled in a post-chaise; but this was so contrary to the habits of our botanist, that he quickly got out, and, with a tin box slung over his shoulder, trudged along on foot, gathering plants, and weaving hypotheses in his active mind. In those days botanists were rare; and his costume excited the easily excitable suspicion of a troop of volunteers whom he met. It was 1792, when everybody was "either suspected, or suspected of being suspected." Du-Petit's costume and tin-box were eminently suspicious. He was arrested, imprisoned, and only liberated after

three days' duration. This delay irritated him, and he wrote a letter in which both the civic authorities and their intense *civisme* were ridiculed. This letter he was imprudent enough to send by post. On reaching Brest he was arrested, and after six weeks' imprisonment, appeared before the jury at Quimper. Many perished in those days for slighter imprudences; and he had a long interrogatory to undergo. He was led back to prison. When the gaoler came to bring him once more before the judges, the cell was empty. Had he escaped? The gaoler was giving the alarm, when he espied him perched on the window ledge, seriously examining some lichens with a lens. He was told that his life was at stake, and was led before the tribunal perfectly calm and insouciant, to receive an acquittal.

Unhappily, his imprudence had rendered his brother also suspect; and to avoid denunciation, Aristide had put out to sea, leaving word that he would meet his brother at the Isle of France. Thither Du-Petit went, but found no brother. Without money or friends, one would suppose he was in a bad plight. Far from it. He never was happier. He led a facile nomadic life. Dressed in cotton, with naked feet, stick in hand, and box slung at his side, this knight errant of botany wandered over the island rendered dear to all Frenchmen by Bernard St. Pierre, collecting all its treasures, and demanding the hospitality always so readily accorded, at the first cabin on his path. For two years did he pursue this pleasant life. He then went to Madagascar, for six months, to study its flora. From thence he went to the Isle of Bourbon where he passed three years and a-half. There his first sorrow came in the death of his brother. He returned to France, not only with vast collections, but with new ideas. Accepting a small place as director of the nursery grounds of Roule, he spent the remainder of his life in publishing the results of his laborious wanderings. But our readers must consult M. Flourens for some account of these.

#### HOWARD PLUNKETT.

ALMOST every eccentricity, and every sharply-defined peculiarity of character has its conventional representation. An acute observer wishes other people to realize what he has delighted in seeing and studying; and his only resource is to exaggerate and intensify, until he has carved out a striking type which may be easily recognised and easily appreciated, and which shall raise in others something of the same sensations which the original has raised in himself. There is no better instance of this than the conventional Irish novel. The Irishisms are at once like and unlike real Irishisms. They convey the points which tickle the fancy of an alien critic, but they are not Irish themselves. Even if the writer is a native of the country, like Mr. Lever, he speaks and describes—and, still more, thinks—not in the vein of the typical Irishmen, who fill the pages of his tales, but in that of an educated man who, however ardent a patriot, wishes to be considered as sensible, logical, un-Irish a man as can be found on either side of St. George's Channel. To get the real genuine article in a book is necessarily very rare. Men who conceive themselves to have sufficient literary pretensions to warrant them in publishing have generally lost the first roughness and boldness of their native make, and become set into the mould which is common to the civilized world. The greater the rarity, the greater the value. Now, *Howard Plunkett* is a unique work. It is really Irish. This peculiarity is not owing to descriptions of Irish manners and scenery, or to the use of Irish oaths and facetiousness. The native colouring is something much more deeply dyed than that. The author thinks like an Irishman—like a real, unadulterated, unspoilt Irishman. There are no bulls in the tale, but the writer's mind seems one huge reservoir of bulls held in solution. There is an audacious impossibility about the book, a genial incoherency, a simplicity—to speak of which as infantine is to make it months too old—and a bubbling gaiety, which render the whole quite unparalleled. But exactly because the Irishness of this novel is so real, it is indescribable. If we employ the stock epithets about it, as about anything else that is Irish, we do but recast the outlines of the conventional type under which things Irish are submitted to the British public. The tale must be read to be understood.

As it is impossible to convey the peculiar characteristics of the book by description, we have nothing to do but to tell the story. Captain Robert Singer had a daughter, Angelina, and having betrothed her to a paper-merchant more than double her age, he went off comfortably with his regiment to New Zealand. The young lady went to pay a visit to Dublin, and there fell in with a certain Dr. Plunkett, who, though but in his twenty-eighth year, enjoyed about the highest practice in the aristocratic city of his birth. The young lady was staying with her aunt, the widow of an ex-chancellor, Sir Fitzgerald Foster. This aunt enjoyed the liberal pension of 3000*l.* a year, "by virtue of her late husband's official servitude on the woolsack;" and being childless, she had found in her niece "a being to dote upon." The ladies went to stay with the Earl of Bandum; and from that nobleman's castle Dr. Plunkett eloped with Angelina. The elopement and the incidents that followed it are described at great length; but we cannot enter on its details further than to remark

Howard Plunkett; or, *Adrift in Life*. A Novel. By Kinsman Cornwallis. London: Whittaker and Co. 1857.

that no part of the book shows more conspicuously one of the author's greatest excellences. He makes his *dramatis personæ* talk as people really talk. Thus, for instance, only one sentence of the bride's conversation after her marriage is recorded, but then it is exactly what a real Angelina would have said. She repeated over and over again, "I really do wonder what Aunt Foster will say!" If she hoped that Aunt Foster would say anything pleasant, she was disappointed. Lady Foster was never reconciled to her niece; and shortly after giving birth to the hero of the tale, Angelina expired.

The plot soon thickens. No sooner is his wife laid in the grave than Dr. Plunkett begins a career of villany, and is shortly discovered to have obtained 60,000*l.* by different forgeries. In fact, "from the hour in which he became a widower he was psychologically abandoned." He escaped to America, and there, with 40,000*l.* in his possession, "he haughtily surveyed the past, and strode boldly on in the certain knowledge of his own natural genius." He had left his son to the care of a nurse, and when Lady Foster determined to seek and adopt this child, the nurse substituted a child of her own—so Howard Plunkett remained a beggar-boy. The story then goes back thirty years, and we learn that a Mr. Septimus Lee, a clerk in the Custom House, had had the misfortune to see his wife elope with Dr. Plunkett's father—or rather with his supposed father, for an inextricable confusion pervades the family arrangements of the Lees and Plunketts, and really Dr. Plunkett was Lee's own son. But he was brought up as a son of Mrs. Lee's paramour, and after the couple had retired to New York, he was treated as one of their children. He returned thence to study medicine at Dublin, and became very intimate with Septimus Lee, who, curiously enough, was "not even reminded by the name of Plunkett of his wife's lover." After he had escaped with the proceeds of his forgeries, and had reached New York, Dr. Plunkett went straight to his putative father's house, and stayed there very comfortably until a detective came to arrest him, when he persuaded his brother to be arrested instead, and himself withdrew to New Orleans. Happening some time afterwards to be travelling in the Northern States, he heard a pistol fired in the room of a hotel, and, looking in, saw that the shot had proceeded from his father, who had just committed suicide. He went to New York to break the news to his brother and sisters, and prudently told his brother what had happened when the sisters were not in the way. But unfortunately these ladies were given to eaves-dropping, and one of them having heard the sad story, "broke in upon the privacy of her brothers, and, with the vehemence of a newly-fallen angel, exclaimed, almost madly, I have heard it all—suicide! suicide! suicide!" Gradually, however, Miss Plunkett's feelings grew calmer, and after a decent interval she listened to the wooing of a Mr. Matthew Lee, a great engineer lately arrived from Ireland. On the eve of the wedding, a letter came from old Mr. Lee, to tell his son that his *fiancée* was his own sister, and so the match was broken off. "To the ancient Peruvians," remarks the author, "it would have been an ordinary thing, but according to the rules of modern society it was revolting, and to the parties immediately concerned almost maddening."

As the tale is compressed into two thin volumes, and as so large a space is taken up with the complicated interests of the Lees and Plunketts, there is not much room for the hero to figure in. His early career seems indeed to be principally intended to illustrate the extraordinary perversity and injustice which the author is pleased to impute to a stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool. He is walking about the quays at that town, picks up a few grains of Indian corn, is taken off by a policeman, brought before the magistrate "to answer for the misdemeanour of the past, the bygone event with which he was charged" (future crime being of course the proper ground of punishment), and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. Subsequently, after being a year at sea, he returned to Liverpool, and having offended, by a very innocent remark a gentleman whose luggage he was carrying, was cruelly beaten by him, and then given in charge to a policeman, who took him before the stipendiary magistrate; and that functionary, "after an exceedingly brief consideration," gave him twenty-one days' imprisonment. He made his way to London, stayed two years, returned to Liverpool on his way to the colonies, and there had the misfortune to exchange carpet-bags with a fellow-traveller. He was brought on a charge of theft before his old enemy, the stipendiary, sent to the assizes, and sentenced to two years' penal servitude. Shortly after his term was over, he was transported for a crime of which he was wholly innocent; but at last Fortune got tired of persecuting him. He returned with a good-conduct ticket to England, when it was discovered that he was the true son of Angelina and Dr. Plunkett. His father came over as a millionaire, and was somehow or other quite cleared of his forgeries and their consequences. Lady Foster left the ex-beggar-boy one gigantic fortune, the Earl of Bandon left him another, and he married the daughter of the Earl of Kidderminster. So, with a picture of unbounded prosperity, ends the story, which is brought down to a date nearer the date of publication than any story we ever remember to have read. It carries us to the September of the present year, and the concluding chapter gives the opinions of Captain Singer, the father of Angelina, on the Indian mutiny.

#### TOPOGRAPHICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.\*

THERE is always a certain fascination in topographical research, and by common consent this is the most popular department of archaeology. It comes home to all of us, and seems to be invested with a kind of human interest. Every one likes to know something about his predecessors in a place—who they were, what they did, when they died, and how they left their property. In London, indeed, which is a nation in itself, associations must assume almost historical importance before they can command attention or remembrance. But in a country town or village, it is surprising how carefully traditions are preserved, and how much genealogical and antiquarian knowledge is always floating about, as it were, in a state of solution. It is exceedingly desirable that much of this somewhat perishable lore should be recorded, and local archaeological associations cannot be more usefully employed than in the investigation and registration of facts the memory of which would otherwise be soon lost. Every one knows how deeply indebted certain districts are to the patient antiquaries of past generations, who have compiled those stately folio county histories that rejoice the hearts of country gentlemen. And there are few men of education who have not amused themselves, at some time or other of their lives, in turning over the pages of Hasted or Atkyns, Manning or Plot. One may know neither the places nor the people mentioned, but there is no small charm in reading about them; and the imagination loves to picture the scenes that are described, and to construct a romance or a history from the seemingly dry data accumulated by the "painful" topographer. And this feeling is not to be confounded with that foolish worship of rank which makes the Peerage the favourite subject of study to so many persons in England. You may find men of no academic connexion entranced in the perusal of a Cambridge Calendar, and some have even confessed to the absorbing fascination of a list of the most plebeian names in an old directory. It is owing to the universality of these tastes and feelings, that the literature of topography, appealing as it does to so prevalent a sentiment, seldom fails to obtain substantial support, and for the most part receives an indulgent criticism at the hands of reviewers. We are all glad to welcome such publications, and while the circle of purchasers more nearly interested in each case suffices to guarantee author or publisher from much loss, the outside world is tolerant of almost any extent of literary mediocrity, provided that facts and statistics are duly registered, and documents put upon record for the benefit of future investigators.

These thoughts have been suggested by three recent works of very different value and interest, but connected by the common bond of topographical archaeology, which we find upon our table. Of these, the first on the list is Mr. Lee's *History of Tetbury*. Here is a handsome, well-printed, illustrated volume, exceeding 300 pages, devoted to the history and antiquities of a single parish. We fear it must be accused of inordinate diffuseness and tedious minuteness of detail. The most ardent archaeologist would shudder at the thought of having to read a large volume about every insignificant market-town. Mr. Lee possesses many of the necessary qualifications for a topographical writer. He revels in pedigrees, he has an appetite for deeds and charters, he takes kindly to the "chronicling of small beer," and has a smattering of all the proper 'ologies. But, unfortunately, he has not the slightest sense of proportion, nor the least perception of the ridiculous. A list of vicars is a useful thing of its sort; but who on earth cares for facsimiles of the autographs of all the parsons of Tetbury? The genealogies of the local families—Estcourts, Huntleys, Holfords, and Savages—may be profitably investigated; but even the natives of the Cotswolds could dispense, we should think, with lists of Tetbury churchwardens, bailiffs, and feoffees, from the time of Elizabeth. And we confess that our courage fairly failed us before we had read through the lists of trustees and supporters of the schools, clothing-club, and savings-bank, and even the appendix of epitaphs in the parish church. Still, we cannot find it in our hearts to be severe on this garrulous, gossiping, grandiloquent book, which is by no means the least useful or amusing of its class. In its pages may be discovered by the curious how many *villani*, *bordarii*, and *redchensters*—whatever they were—Tetbury could boast of in the times of the Conqueror; how the town fared in the wars of King Stephen; how Reginald de S. Walerick founded a Cistercian abbey there in 1140, and Henry I. granted a weekly market and a yearly fair-day; how, in 1287, by a writ of *quo warranto* against William de Braosa, it was established that that lord had in the ancient borough of Tetbury a market, fair, view of frank-pledge, free warren, three tumbrils, pillory, and stocks; how an inquisition according to the statute of charitable uses was held in the 28th of Elizabeth; how Charles I. dined there on the 8th of August, 1643, on his march to Bristol; how Charles II. and James II. halted there on their more peaceful progresses to Bath; how the townsmen extemporized a Board of Health in 1666, and by their wise sanitary precautions prevented the plague from reaching them; how

\* *The History of the Town and Parish of Tetbury, in the County of Gloucester.* By the Rev. Alfred T. Lee, M.A. London: J. H. and J. Parker. 1857.

*Iona and the Ionians; their Manners, Customs, and Traditions.* By W. Maxwell. Glasgow: Murray. 1857.

*The Anglo-Bazon Episcopate of Cornwall; with some Account of the Bishops of Crediton.* By E. H. Pether, Esq. London: Petheram. 1856.

fatally, nevertheless, the small-pox visited the district in 1710; how, on the strength of an entry in the fly-leaf of a Bible, it is believed to this day in Tetbury, that one Henry West, of Upton, in that parish, attained the age of 152 years; how the spire of the church was struck by lightning on the 3rd of February, 1789; and finally how, in 1797, Tetbury was literary enough to support a fortnightly journal, called the *County Trade and Political Intelligencer*. All this, and much more, will be found in Mr. Lee's history. Then, again, the parish registers and the churchwardens' accounts supply respectively a series of curious entries:—"Good wife Hugging," and "A child of Witch War-rand," were buried in the year 1669; "A child of Witch Comleys" twenty years later. In 1701 were interred "A Stranger" and "A Scotchman;" and, two years afterwards, "Old Crowther, a Quaker." And so on, with the usual proportion of deaths by accident or violence. The churchwardens, in 1640, paid two shillings for "a booke against the fast," and laid out sixpence in 1657 "for an act for the observing of y<sup>e</sup> Sabaoth." In 1689, "A statute-book & y<sup>e</sup> K.<sup>e</sup> declaration" cost the parish three shillings; and the same sum was paid in 1696 as "charges for 3 warr<sup>ts</sup> ag<sup>t</sup> Sabbath breakers." In the seven-teenth century, a pulpit cloth in the church was worn for 27 years; while the hour-glass was not renewed till it had lasted sixty years save one. At the Restoration, one Samuel Saunders charged the remunerative price of 4l. 7s. 6d. "for Holland to make y<sup>e</sup> surpluss." Of course the bells were rung, and im-partially paid for by the churchwardens of Tetbury, at all the fluctuations of political success in those days. The ringers had their pay and their drink indifferently, whether the occasion was the "proclaimoinge the L<sup>d</sup> Protector," or "when the King came through the Town," or "at routing the rebels," or "for the victory at sea" (La Hogue), or "when Namur was sur-rendered." But in 1700, some sly Jacobite seems to have got hold of the keys of the belfry, and to have caused a peal to be rung "on St. George's Day"—the anniversary of the coronation of the deposed King—at the expense of 2s. 6d. to the parish. We must decline even to enter upon the important matters of the tombstones and charities of Tetbury. The Grammar School was governed by ordinances framed in 1623, which are somewhat remarkable. The master was to "teach the Latin tongue by the use of Lettie's grammar . . . and in like manner for the Greek, by such grammars and authors as are most usual, and not by any quaint, strange, or new devices of his own." The following was surely a needless ordinance:—"And y<sup>e</sup> he shall not at all read in the Schoole *Ovid de Arte Amandi*, but utterly omit." Here let us remark, that Mr. Lee must have misread *Lettie* for *Lillie*, as the name of the author of the appointed Latin grammar. And we noticed several other unscholarlike blunders, such as Erasmus *Roterdamus* and *Praelectiones Poetica*. But, upon the whole, the author has done his work well, and has given us an amusing, though prolix book.

Not so Mr. W. Maxwell, to whom we owe *Iona and the Ionians*. This volume is absurdly brief, not reaching to seventy duodecimo pages of spaced straggling type. We have seldom seen a more wretched performance; and, but for its pretence, it would be altogether below criticism. The style is indescribably bad, interlarded with slang epithets between inverted commas, and made up of quotations from sentimental ballads and the Bible. "The light of other days"—by which Mr. Maxwell witi-ly means the Druidical remains in Iona—is quoted twice in the course of the first twelve pages of his book. He talks of people fat-tening pigs "for their own consumpt." He has forgotten how to spell the epithet "weird." He thinks that "Bachelor in de-grees" is the proper translation of *In decretis bacularius*. And he writes a common French proverb in this way—*Chaque un à son gout*. But all this we could forgive if he told us anything worth hearing about the island and its venerable remains. So far from this, we rise from the perusal of his book with no definite im-pression even of the size of the isle, or of the situation, scale, or character of the ruins, far less of its history or antiquities. The illustrations, with the exception of the map, are ridiculously bad, and such as few people have the courage to publish now-a-days even in guide-books. As for the *Manners, Customs, and Tradi-tions of the Ionians*, we find nothing about them. The title is altogether a misnomer. But enough of this very absurd book.

Mr. Pedler's *Anglo-Saxon Episcopate of Cornwall* is a striking contrast to the last-mentioned volume. Here we have a solid contribution to our historical knowledge of a very obscure period. A difficult and not very inviting subject is treated in this essay with sound scholarship, learned research, and admirable modesty. Indeed, we have no fault to find but that the arrangement of the matter might, perhaps, have been more perspicuous, and the author might with advantage have stated rather more clearly the positions that he wished to establish. Mr. Pedler, who, as a Cornish antiquary, had been led to investigate the history of the extinct Bishopric of Cornwall, was induced to finish and publish his researches by the proposal—entertained a year or two ago, but now, we believe, abandoned or postponed—of reviving the See. He rightly thought that, if the diocese was to be re-es-tablished after an abeyance of eight centuries, it would be useful to know something about the remote history of the Anglo-Saxon See of Cornwall. Some points respecting the history of that episcopate have never been satisfactorily deter-mined, and Mr. Pedler has set himself the task of examining in detail the documents that bear on the case. We will briefly sum-

up the results of his researches. The West Saxons, who were converted to Christianity by Birinus, the first Bishop of their first see at Dorchester, gradually conquered the whole Cornish peninsula. As their rule extended, they formed successively the new sees of Sherborne, Wilts, Wells, Crediton, and Cornwall. The latter diocese, after the short existence of about a century, was merged, together with Crediton, in a new bishopric, em-bracing Devonshire and Cornwall, of which Exeter was made the cathedral city. Now, not only is the succession of the bishops of Cornwall involved in great obscurity, but it is even doubtful whether Bodmin or Saint Germans was the chief seat of the diocese. We cannot follow Mr. Pedler in his detailed exami-nation of William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, Charters, MSS. and records of manumissions in the Bodmin Book of the Gospels. Suffice it to say that he succeeds in resuscitat-ing a nearly complete list of the Cornish Bishops, ten in number, from Conan, in the time of King Æthelstan (925-940), to Leofrick, who became first Bishop of Exeter in 1050. As to the chief seat of the diocese, he disposes satisfactorily, we think, of the theory which identifies St. Petrock's Stowe, i. e. place, with Padstow, and proves that the great monastery of Saint Petrock, near Bodmin, is the place referred to. The old feud between Bodmin and Saint Germans is patched up by a com-promise. Throwing over Camden, Whitaker, and Gilbert, Mr. Pedler thinks that the Cornish episcopate was exercised jointly in Saint Germans and Bodmin—that the monastery of Saint Germans was, indeed, the original seat of the Anglo-Saxon Bishop, but that after the annexation of the Bodmin monastery by King Æthelred, in 994, for the further endowment of the see, St. Petrock's Church was honoured by the erection of a joint throne. An interesting subject of speculation as to whether Bodmin might not have been the seat of an earlier British diocese, finally incorporated into the Anglo-Saxon see of Saint Germans, is rather hinted at by Mr. Pedler than pursued to any satisfactory conclusion. We agree with him in thinking that such a theory would throw light both on the obscurity that hangs about the original foundation of the Cornish diocese, and on the unusual circumstance of its Bishop having a territorial title rather than one derived from his cathedral city, and also on the con-flicting traditions as to his divided throne. This interesting volume will take an honoured place in the library of the historian and the archaeologist.

#### QUACKS AND CHARLATANS.\*

"JE m'étonne toujours qu'il n'y ait pas plus de charlatans," said Talleyrand; and considering the large and easy profits which follow successful charlatanism in every department, the surprise was legitimate. It is probably from no lack of desire, but rather from the lack of ability, that the charlatans are in a min-ority. 'Tis not in charlatans to command success. Their grand difficulty is to make others believe in them. Any man can invent a panacea for moral or physical ills; but it is not every one that can make us accept it. Unusual qualities are demanded—daring, pertinacity, patient watchfulness of opportunity, know-ledge of mankind, are indispensable. Even in the matter of advertising, which seems so simple, a certain prodigality and recklessness of genius will be needful. It is true, as some one said, that if you advertise Nothing, and advertise it largely, you will sell it at last. But this requires capital, courage, forethought. You may spend thousands, and then falter. The courage to con-tinue, confident in ultimate success, is no common quality. Honour, then, to charlatans! None but the brave deserve the crown.

The reader is, perhaps, slightly astonished at this defence of charlatanism, but, in truth, as M. Peisse remarks in one of the essays of his agreeable and suggestive volumes, to declaim against charlatans is a commonplace. A library might be formed of such denunciations. The dullest dogs are daily fulminating platitudes against quackery, and no one raises a voice in its defence. "Dans un siècle qui se pique de philosophie, cet abaissement du charlatanisme est une dissonance." The unanimity of execration is all the more noticeable, because no one has yet given, nor can give, a reasonable definition of the thing execrated. We all use the word; but what do we mean by it? It is one of those epithets, liberally bestowed by antagonists, which really carry with them no precise translatable meaning. To call a man a quack is to express our contempt of him and his pretensions; but on what is our contempt founded? Our codes define the crimes they punish—our ethics define the vices to be reprobated; but neither code nor moral system has furnished us with a definition of charlatanism. Dictionaries furnish etymologies, but these are absurd. Menage assures us, says M. Peisse, that the term is derived from *circulator, circitor*, "c'est possible; mais la prome-nade n'est point un crime." Casanbon derives it from *ciarlatore*, a gabbler. That also is possible; but although a flux of words may make a man fatiguing, it does not make him immoral. Charlatan also is said to mean mountebank. What then? "On peut être bateleur et parfait honnête homme." Drugs may be sold from a booth as morally as from a licensed apothecary's—if one man employs jars of red and blue liquid as a sign that drugs may be had within, the other man may employ a drum, or a picture. Both profess to sell what will cure diseases, and both

\* *La Médecine et les Médecins*. Par Louis Peisse. 2 vols. Paris: 1857.

lie in their teeth. M. Peisse further notices that charlatan is synonymous with *saltimbanque* in the dictionaries; but, he adds, to jump on a carpet in the open air, or on the boards of a theatre-royal, is in each case jumping, "et le saut dans toutes ses variétés est un acte de mécanique animale irréprochable."

Quitting dictionaries, let us try elsewhere if we can find a definition of charlatanism. M. Peisse, who, as the reader may suppose, is ironical in his defence of charlatanism, thinks that its true signification is the application of commerce to medicine, the substitution of industrial speculation in the place of science. If a man makes a million by a pill, he does so in virtue of the industrial methods. But here we think M. Peisse is not so happy in his irony. The idea meant to be conveyed by charlatanism, in the political as well as in the medical world, is not this. If an M.D. calls a homœopathist "a quack," or if an M.P. calls a socialist "a charlatan," they do not by any means refer to the industrial methods by which these men seek to extend their influence. What, then, do they mean?

It seems to us that the meaning latent in every serious employment of this opprobrious epithet may be translated into something like the following:—"You have got hold of a panacea which is incapable of effecting the cure you assert. If you believed in its efficacy, your belief would be simply an error of judgment; but you do not believe in its efficacy, and the pretence of belief is charlatanism." Here the moral criminality of charlatanism is brought into distinct relief. But although this seems to furnish us with a test, it will generally fail in its application. The physician may legitimately contrast his procedure with that of an advertising quack. Although, in proportion to his knowledge of the human organism and of medical practice, he will have less and less faith in the curative power of the remedies he employs—and, in a certain sense, may be supposed to be guilty of the very pretence of belief which he reproaches in the quack—yet, if we consider the matter closely, we shall see that his very scepticism springs from conscientiousness, and that, although he has no firm belief in the remedies he uses, he honestly believes them to be the best that in the present state of knowledge are accessible. On the other hand, this very sceptical physician will be prone to stigmatize the water-cure, or mesmerism, or homœopathy as quackery, although it is presumable that, in many cases at least, the professors of these methods are more conscientiously convinced of their efficacy than the physician is of the value of his methods; and thus these professors are less truly charlatans than he is, their faith being stronger. So with moral and political reformers. The statesman is sceptical where the socialist is fanatically convinced. If charlatanism be a moral, not an intellectual defect, and if the precise nature of the defect be the pretence of believing in the efficacy of the remedy proposed, we have no right to apply the opprobrium unless we have proof of the sin. But this is excessively difficult. Who shall undertake to say that the man who risks thousands of pounds in making known the virtues of a drug does not profoundly believe in those virtues? Who shall say that the man who risks his life in the propagation of a doctrine does not profoundly believe in that doctrine? Considering the stupendous absurdities which men will devoutly believe, it is a bold thing to say of any man that he does not believe the opinion he professes.

Driven thus into a dilemma from which there is no logical issue, except that of abolishing the opprobrious term "charlatan" altogether, our declamatory moralists may say that the charlatan is distinguished from the honest practitioner by his adoption of undignified and clap-trap arts to attract public attention. But this is surely a question of taste rather than of morals. Jullien's waistcoats and curls, his monster placards, and graceful fopperies in the orchestra have nothing whatever to do with music; but they serve to make him talked about—they increase his audiences. He knows that a certain amount of advertisement is indispensable—his waistcoats are advertisements. The splendid charlatan, Mengin—the delight of all France—attends fairs and public gatherings clothed in a fantastic costume, and having a drummer to execute ear-splitting rataplans, for the sole purpose, as he avows to the public gaping round him, of attracting their attention to him and his lead pencils. "Does all this noise make my pencils better?" he asks the public. "No. They are excellent; but you would pass them by if I did not make a noise. You stop to look at me, and then you buy my pencils." After declaiming against methods so unprofessional as "advertising," the M.D. thinks nothing of setting up his carriage before he has patients, or of putting his plate on the door of a house in a fashionable quarter, in order that the public may imagine, "from his position," that he must be a man of talent; but in the eye of an impartial judge, is there not more charlatanism in these professional deceptions than in the open artifices of a Mengin or a Jullien? If pretence is the essence of charlatanism, the pretence of having secured a larger practice is as immoral as the pretence of having discovered a better remedy.

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